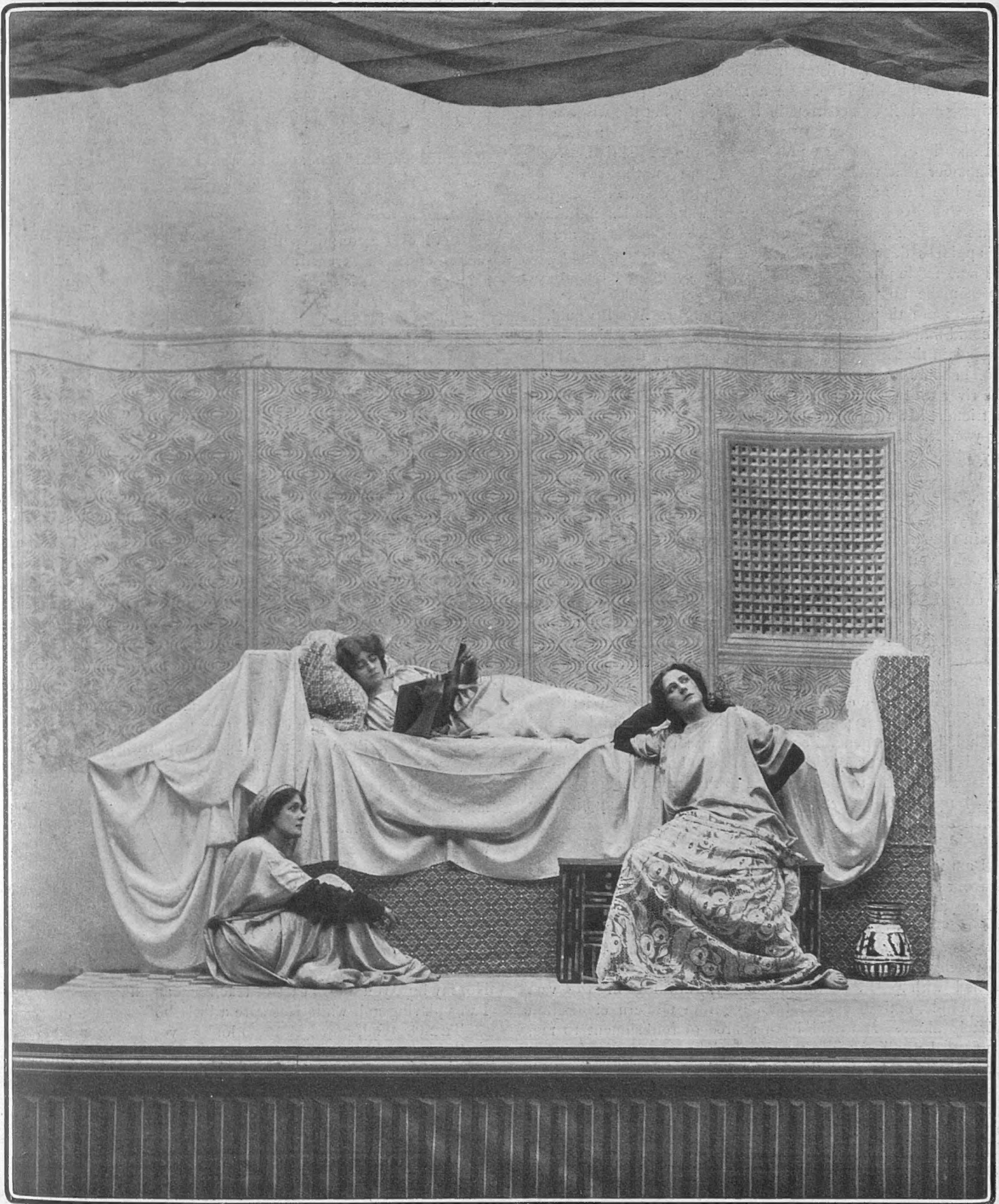


The Sketch

No. 698.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



Miss Lily Brayton.

Miss Eva Moore.

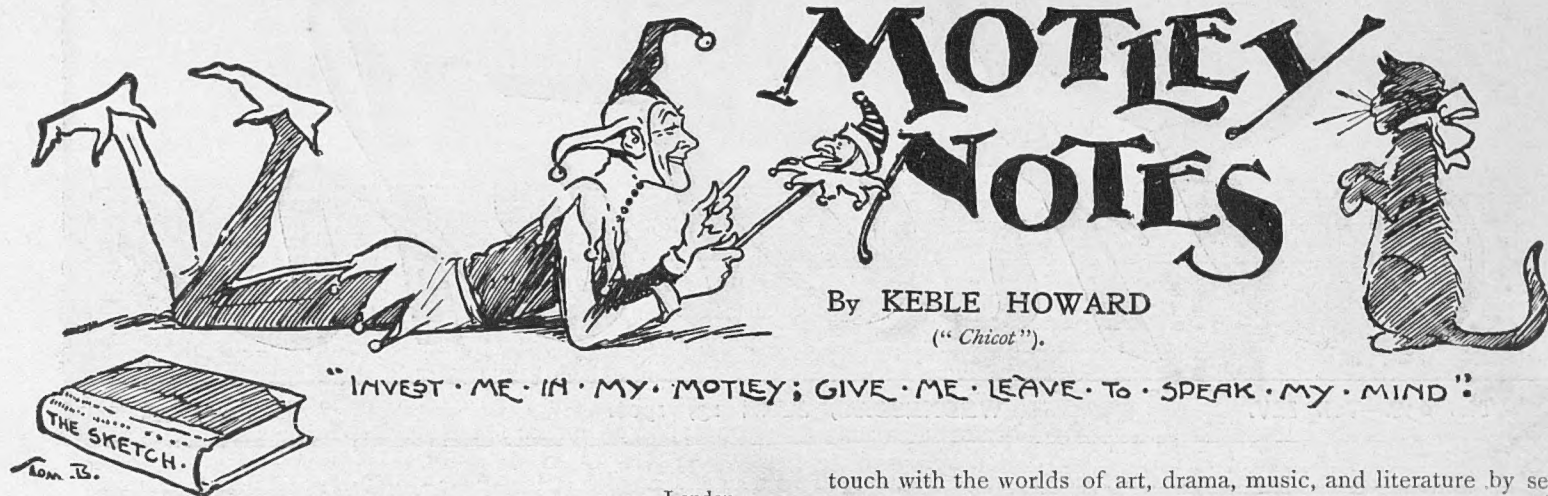
Miss Nancy Price.

LIVING PICTURES AT THE ELLEN TERRY MATINÉE: "READING ALOUD."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

"Reading Aloud" has always been one of Albert Moore's most popular works. Mr. Lys Baldry, who arranged the tableau, was four years the pupil of Albert Moore.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



London.

TO-DAY—the Eighth of June—is my birthday, and if you think that I am going to find fault with the world to-day, friend the reader, you are vastly mistaken. To begin with, I am always glad to have been born in June. As a schoolboy, I rather resented the fact that my birthday occurred in term-time; but the wisdom of years—I feel that I can speak of years now—has shown me that a sunny birthday is every whit as precious as a frosty Christmas. I cannot remember that there has ever been rain on the Eighth of June—even when I was at school. (I am tapping wood with my left hand.) I have always been able, therefore, on waking in the morning, to take in a new stock of optimism for the twelve months that are to come. Happiness depends to a great extent, no doubt, on good health and reasonable prosperity. It also depends upon an effort of will. If you make up your mind to be pretty cheerful, come what may, you are more than halfway on your journey. An I would, I daresay I could find a good many reasons for being miserable to-day. I might complain that it is too hot to be in town, or that it is hard luck that one should be compelled to work on one's birthday. But I look at the river with the sun on it, at my room gay with the gifts of generous friends, known and unknown, and I find a genuine pleasure in telling you, friend the reader, all about it. (Whether you will derive any pleasure from reading about it is quite another thing.)

As the years go by, I admit, one is apt to set less and less store by one's birthday. One becomes less and less astonished that the people one passes in the street should know nothing whatever about it, that the date should be used in connection with ordinary functions, just as though it were an ordinary date, that the postman who brings the letters of congratulation should thrust them into the box as though they were mere bills or circulars, that one's tear-off calendar should contain no special reference to the overwhelming fact, that food and drink taste much the same as they did yesterday, that the whole world should not be celebrating its birthday on the same day. In childhood, of course, a birthday is the occasion of a prodigious fuss, and this is as it should be. I am not sure that the mother of the child should not be included in the general congratulations; but that is another matter. It is good that every child should be able to appropriate to itself one day in the year, to look forward to that day, to feel sure that everyone will try, on that day, to make it happy. A sunny birthday will brighten the whole year.

While I am in this radiant and genial mood, by the way, I may as well endeavour to do a good turn to somebody else. My Editor has forwarded me a letter from Mr. John H. Sowerbutts, who writes (as nearly as I can discover) from 94, Chackerbere Road North, Ballygunge, Calcutta. Mr. Sowerbutts says: "Will you be so kind as to put me in touch with some kind soul who will send me their *Sketch* when finished with? I am a missionary, working in the vast Sundarban Jungle, entirely cut off for days from modern civilisation and absolutely alone. It would be a source of refreshment to me, and, when read, I would put it in my native clubhouse for the sake of the pictures." There! Will kind souls please step forward and help to refresh this lonely missionary? I can quite sympathise with Mr. Sowerbutts. Once upon a time, years and years ago, I determined to be a missionary myself. It was after attending a meeting in our village schoolroom and listening to a lecture delivered by a gentleman who had been through all sorts of horrors in the south of Africa. He made one mistake, though. Just as he had worked me up to the point of bursting into tears, he would gulp water from a glass, and this amused me so much that I forgot to cry. Still, had I carried out my resolution, I am sure that I should have been only too grateful to any kind friend who assisted me to keep in

touch with the worlds of art, drama, music, and literature by sending me on copies of *The Sketch* "when finished with." I have only to add that Mr. Sowerbutts' copy should be forwarded direct, and not by way of *The Sketch* office.

In the whole history of photography, I suppose, there has never been so wonderful a picture obtained as that published in the current number of *The Illustrated London News*. It shows, as many of my readers will be aware, the scene at Madrid at the very moment of the explosion of the bomb that was thrown at the royal coach. The "action" in the photograph is intensely thrilling. Almost every man is gesticulating; the horses are bolting in terror; a dense cloud of dust determines the exact spot where the bomb fell. A picture of that sort easily outvies the most vivid description of the ablest writer. It is a prize of which any editor of any paper in the world, daily or weekly, might be proud. One imagines that it will scarcely be allowed to sink into the comparative obscurity of the bound volume.

I came near to being mixed up with a fight the other day. It wasn't my fight. It was a fight between two gentlemen in a railway-carriage, one of whom plays golf, whilst the other does not. The only reason why I was not mixed up in the fight is because they did not actually come to blows. If they had, I should certainly have been mixed up in it. When two gentlemen begin to hammer each other in a railway-compartment, everybody in the compartment is bound to take a hand, so to speak. You cannot sit still and allow people to break the window with your head. But I was going to tell how the trouble began. The golfer was a young man, very keen and alert. The non-golfer was an older man, rather stout and irascible. They were sitting opposite to one another, and this was the way of the conversation—

THE GOLFER. Keeping pretty fit, old man?

THE NON-GOLFER. Fairish. Nothing to boast about.

THE G. Ah, my boy, you ought to take up golf. Nothing like it.

THE N.-G. I've tried it once or twice. Can't say I see much in it.

THE G. Heavens, man! it's the grandest game in the world. You ought to persevere. You can't expect to master it all at once.

THE N.-G. But why should I persevere with a game I don't like? If you ask me, I think it's a silly game.

THE G. But look at the walking you get. It would take all that fat down.

THE N.-G. (*flushing*). Don't talk to me about walking! Call that walking?

THE G. (*complacently*). What do you call walking?

THE N.-G. Why, twelve miles at a stretch, as hard as you can go. That's the way I walk. Golf? I'd rather play marbles or bowl a hoop.

THE G. Well, why don't you? You look as if either of them would do you good.

THE N.-G. (*growing purple, but trying to join in the general laugh*). No, my boy, you mustn't try to teach me anything about golf. Why, I was playing golf while you were a little boy at school, and—

THE G. Well, now I come to look at you—

THE N.-G. I tell you, it's only fit for bishops and curates. Polo, now, that's a game! But golf! No, my boy!

THE G. (*politely*). Do you play much polo?

THE N.-G. Never mind whether I play much polo or not. I'll put the gloves on with you any time you like, or I'll take you on without gloves. Now, if you like. (*He lays aside his umbrella as the train runs into the station.*)

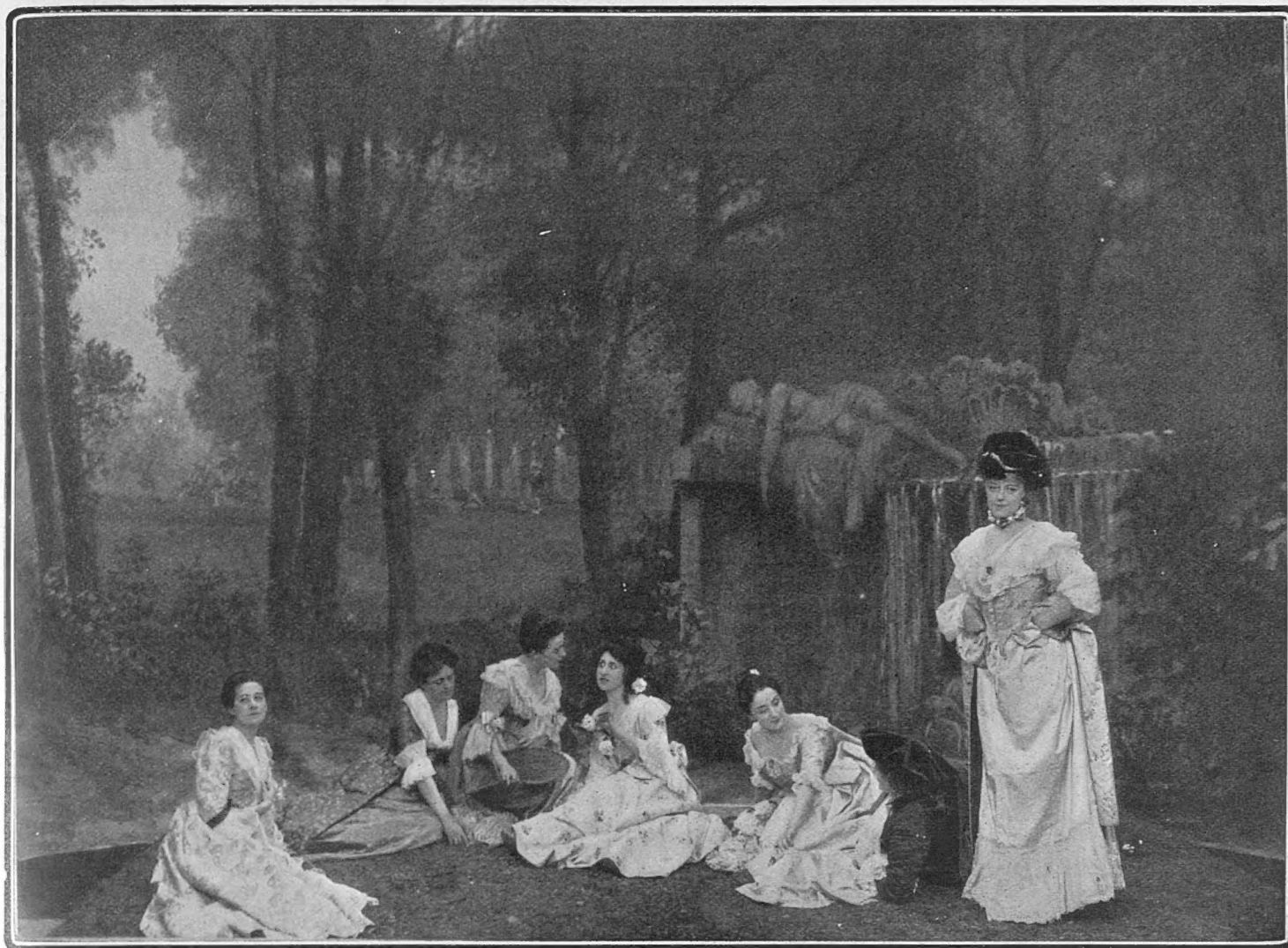
THE G. Ah, you evidently miscalculated the distance. Coming my way?

THE N.-G. No, Sir, I am not.

THE G. So long, then. Don't forget my tip. It'll take it all down, I promise you.

ALL THE STAGE WORLD AT ONE MATINÉE.

LIVING PICTURES AT THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE.



Miss Sarah Brooke.

Miss Gertrude Elliott.

Miss Rita Jolivet.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

Miss Suzanne Sheldon.

A WATTEAU PICTURE.—TABLEAU ARRANGED BY MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.

Mrs. Sam Sothern. Miss Pauline Chase.

Miss Winifred Emery.



Miss Mabel Beardsley.

Mrs. Tree.

Miss Lena Ashwell.

Miss Margaret Bussé.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

BEGINNERS FOR THE FIRST ACT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—TABLEAU ARRANGED BY MR. JAMES PRYDE.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

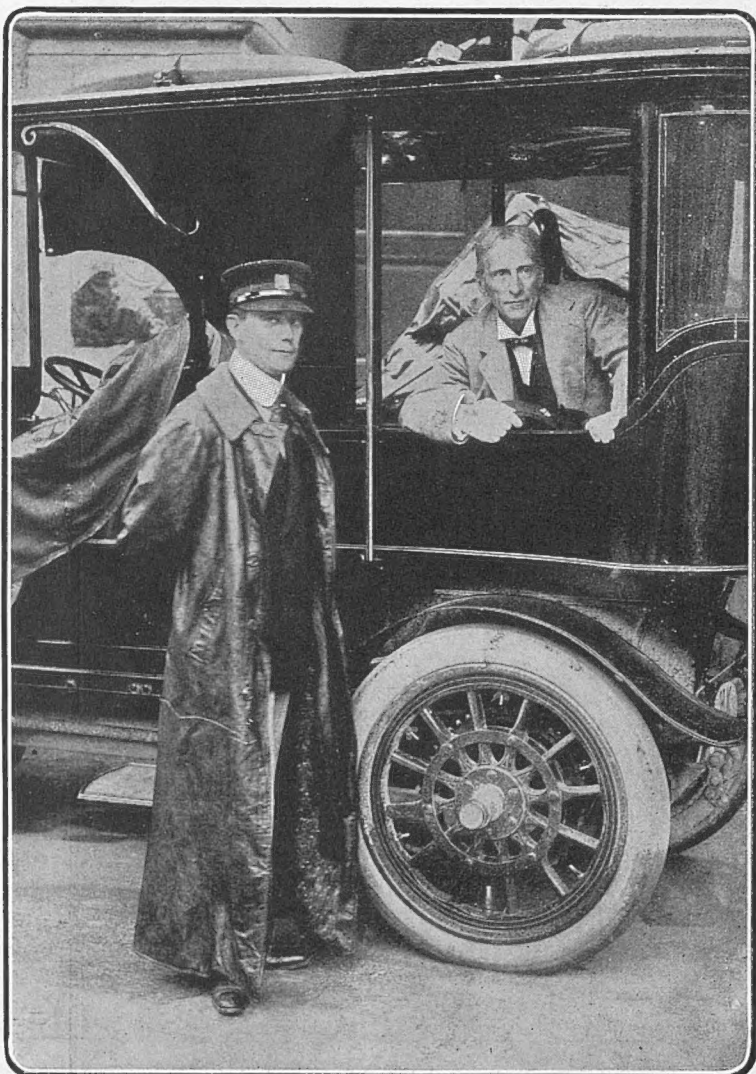
THE CLUBMAN.

*Canned Meats and the Army—A Personal Experience—
The Channel Tunnel Once Again.*

THE condition of canned meat imported, or tinned in England, affects many people in this kingdom, from dukes with yachts to paupers in workhouses, and it affects soldiers perhaps most of all. The embalmed beef issued during the Cuban campaign is said to have killed far more men of the American army than yellow-fever and Spanish bullets combined did, and many a British soldier has known the disappointment of opening his tinned ration during a campaign and of finding it contain meat unfit to eat. The washing off of old labels and the pasting on of new ones may seem a matter of very little importance; but it is not so. Let me tell you a little story in illustration.

During my days of South African soldiering, I found myself, as commander, chaplain, quartermaster, paymaster, and medical officer of a troop of mounted infantry in the far west of the Transvaal, with orders to show the uniform and keep the peace there. We had a good store of ship's biscuit, and our meat was sometimes buck, sometimes trek-ox, sometimes, but very seldom, mutton. Bread was a rarity, until a genius amongst the men discovered how to make excellent baking-ovens out of ant-heaps. To have a reserve of meat, I rode into Kimberley, taking a light mule-cart with me, and brought out from there some canned beef, warranted at the store to be fresh imported, and with glistening new labels. To be sure that the meat was good, two or three of the tins whose labels looked old were opened, and their contents were good.

An old Englishman eighty miles away, keeping a solitary store in the bush veld, was murdered by rebellious Kaffirs, and the news reached me thirty-six hours after the occurrence. If the Kaffirs



AN ARTIST PATRON OF MOTORING: PROFESSOR HERKOMER, WHOSE CUP WAS COMPETED FOR LAST WEEK.

On June 6 the Herkomer Cup Motor Race from Frankfort to Vienna and Munich was begun at five minutes past five in the morning. The first of the competitors to arrive at Linz was the Austrian Dreher, driving a Mercedes car.

stopped after their first march towards their stronghold in the hills to kill captured cattle and drink the stolen spirits and hold high debauch, there was just a chance that I and my men could come up with them,

so I started with what the men could carry on their horses, plenty of ammunition, mealies for the horses, biscuits, a ration of fresh meat, and every man in his haversack carried a tin of the preserved meat.

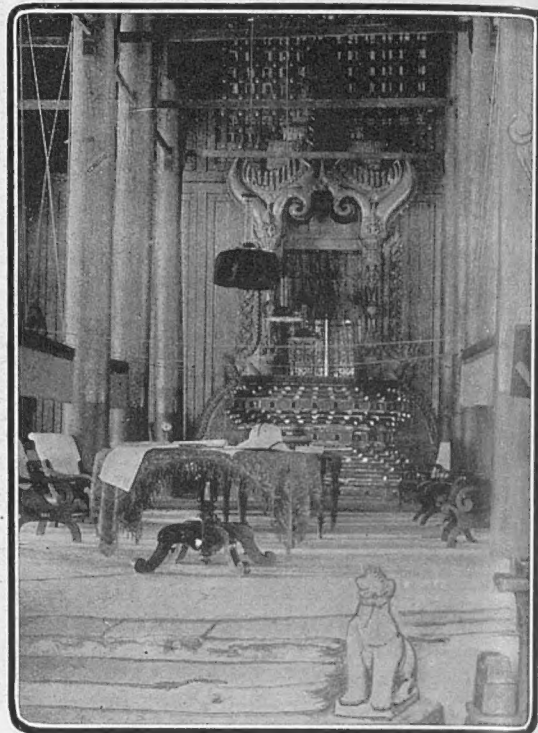
We rode night and day, grilling our fresh meat over the usual South African fire during the longest halt. We came to the ruined and burned store and took up the spoor of the rebels, who had driven two wagons away with them, and so could not travel fast. It was the second day of our patrol, and we opened every fourth tin of beef for the day's meal. Every one of them contained uneatable meat. Whether the packer or the storekeeper was responsible did not matter to us; we were out on the veld with the prospects of a tough fight before us, and with a thinning stock of biscuits as our only ration.

We had no fight. We pushed on, found burning, deserted kraals, the rebels' revenge on a loyal tribe, came to the wrecked wagons and empty rum-casks which had been left by the wayside, and

followed the spoor, still fresh, to the thorn-covered poort, the entrance to the mountains. Tired and disappointed men on tired horses, we started on our ride back. I have known Mr. Thomas Atkins under many discouraging circumstances, and have always found him cheerful under them all; but a biscuit diet, and that a spare one, takes—so I learned on that patrol—the spirit out of him. My men did not grumble on that homeward two days' ride, and they did not curse the men who sold the meat very much; but I brought a troop of dead-beat men back to camp, and this probably was entirely the fault of some too-ingenuous gentleman in Chicago.

The Channel Tunnel scheme has come into prominence again, and we are to hear the pros and cons once more discussed in Parliament, probably next session. The "silver-streak" vein of sentiment and Lord Wolseley together killed the scheme last time it was on the tapis. Some Englishmen thought that some dark night the French would send a thousand or two of men through the tunnel, who would hold the entrance until the tens of thousands poured out on to the Kentish cliffs. The Commander-in-Chief told the nation that if the tunnel was made Dover would become of necessity a first-class fortress, and that the tax-payers would have to find money for an increased garrison and more forts and guns.

Whether the military opinion has changed I do not know. Very likely it has, for the tendency of modern strategy is not to coop a defending army up behind earthworks, and our Engineers are more busy just now in dismantling forts than in building them. In any case, the military difficulty is not a great one, and the idea that the guardian of the tunnel might be drugged some winter night and the key abstracted from his pocket is burlesque. What does the man in the street think about it? His is the deciding voice. The man in the club is lukewarm on the subject. He knows the commercial advantages that would accrue: he would be glad to be able to reach Paris without the discomfort of a rough sea passage, and he believes the military danger to be a very very small one. But if the man in the street still thinks that Nelson will have died in vain at Trafalgar if a hole is bored in the chalk from Dover to Calais, then the merchants will agitate in vain and the clubmen will go on making rough passages when they want to see the new plays in Paris.



THE MAGNIFICENCE OF AN EASTERN CLUB: THE UPPER BURMA CLUB'S ABODE IN THEEBAW'S OLD PALACE.

Many of the clubs in Pall Mall are copied from the Italian Palaces, but the Upper Burma Club at Mandalay has an actual palace of its own. It is housed in the former residence of Theebaw.

Photograph by Lewis Longfield.

ALL THE STAGE WORLD AT ONE MATINÉE.

LIVING PICTURES AT THE ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE.



Miss Kate Phillips,

Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

Miss Daisy Thimm.

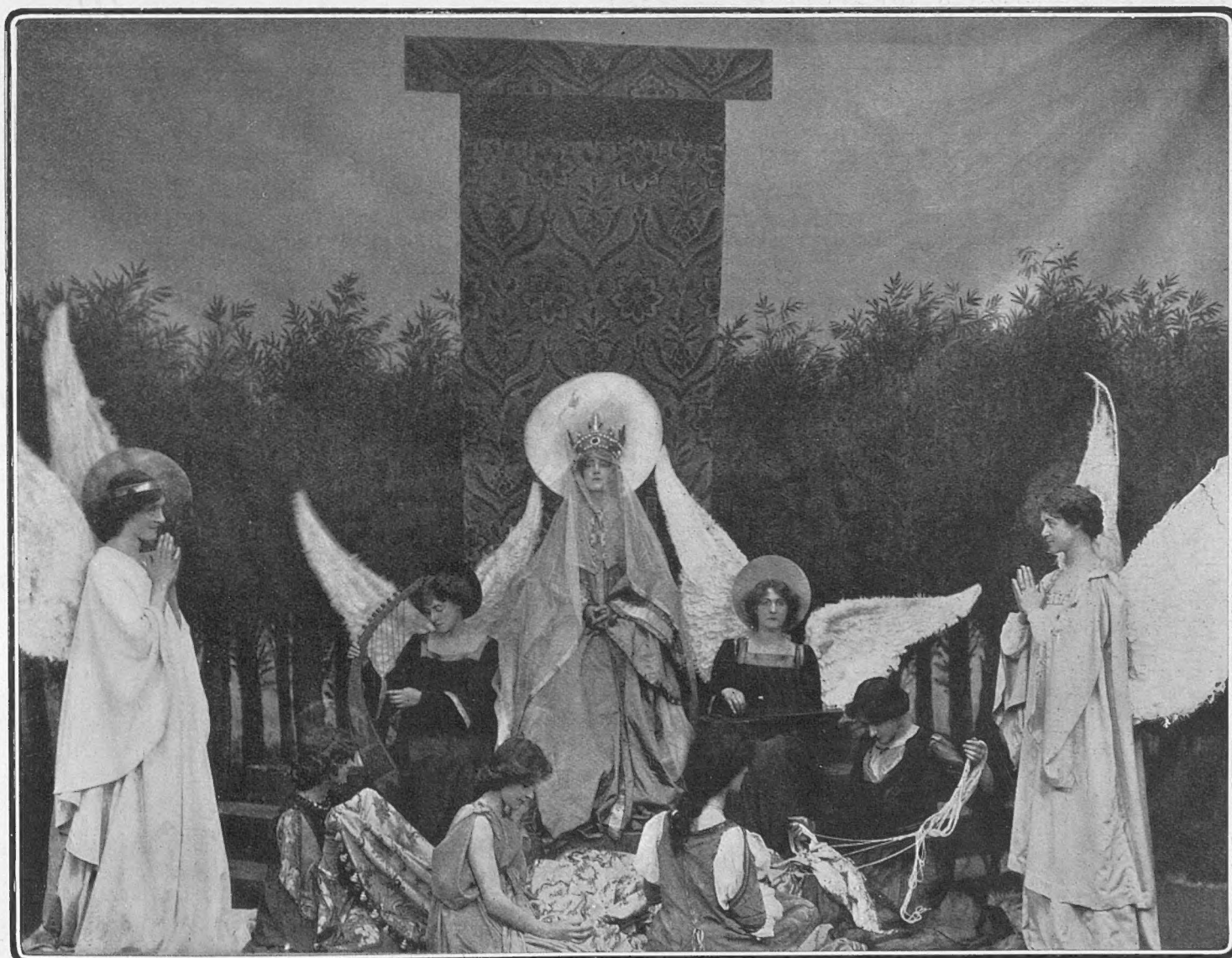
Miss Lillas Waldegrave.

ANNE BOLEYN.—TABLEAU ARRANGED BY MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

Miss Jessie Bateman.

Miss Julia Neilson.

Miss Lettice Fairfax.



Miss Margaret Halstan.

Miss Muriel Beaumont.

Miss Dagmar Wiehe.

Miss Mabel Hackney.

Miss Sybil Carlisle.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.—TABLEAU ARRANGED BY MR. BYAM SHAW.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE shadow of the death of King Christian still hovers over the Court, and it is understood that the Queen has determined not to go to Ascot this year. Their Majesties have, however, decided to hold two more Courts this season—on June 28 and July 13—and they have also consented to visit Newcastle in the second week of July. They will honour the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick with a visit for

the functions at Newcastle. Before that, on the very day of the next Court, June 28, the King goes to see the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Derby. This will be the first country show since the disastrous experiment of Park Royal was abandoned. With characteristic kindness, his Majesty has consented to drive a long way round on his way to the show-yard, so that the loyal citizens of Derby may all see him. Of course, he is to receive the inevitable address, which is to be presented in a receptacle made of Crown Derby china—a pleasant variation on the conventional gold box.

The Rulers' Rendezvous.

The announcement that King Frederick has invited King Edward, the Tsar, the Kaiser, and the King of Norway to visit Fredensborg in the autumn is a significant indication that the new ruler of Denmark is resolved to follow in his parents' footsteps. For years the family gatherings which King Christian and that *maitresse femme*, Queen Louise, held, sometimes at Fredensborg and sometimes at Bernstorff, exercised an important influence on the destinies of Europe. The invitation to the Kaiser is, however, most significant of all, for in the old days the ruler of Germany was not asked. Now, apparently, the hatchet is to be buried, the Schleswig-Holstein question is to be forgotten, and Denmark is to make it up with her powerful neighbour. It is said that Queen Alexandra and Queen Maud will join the gathering, and the only doubt seems to be whether King Edward will be able to come. Such an assembly without the presence of "Edward the Peacemaker" would certainly be like "Hamlet" with the part of the Prince of Denmark omitted.

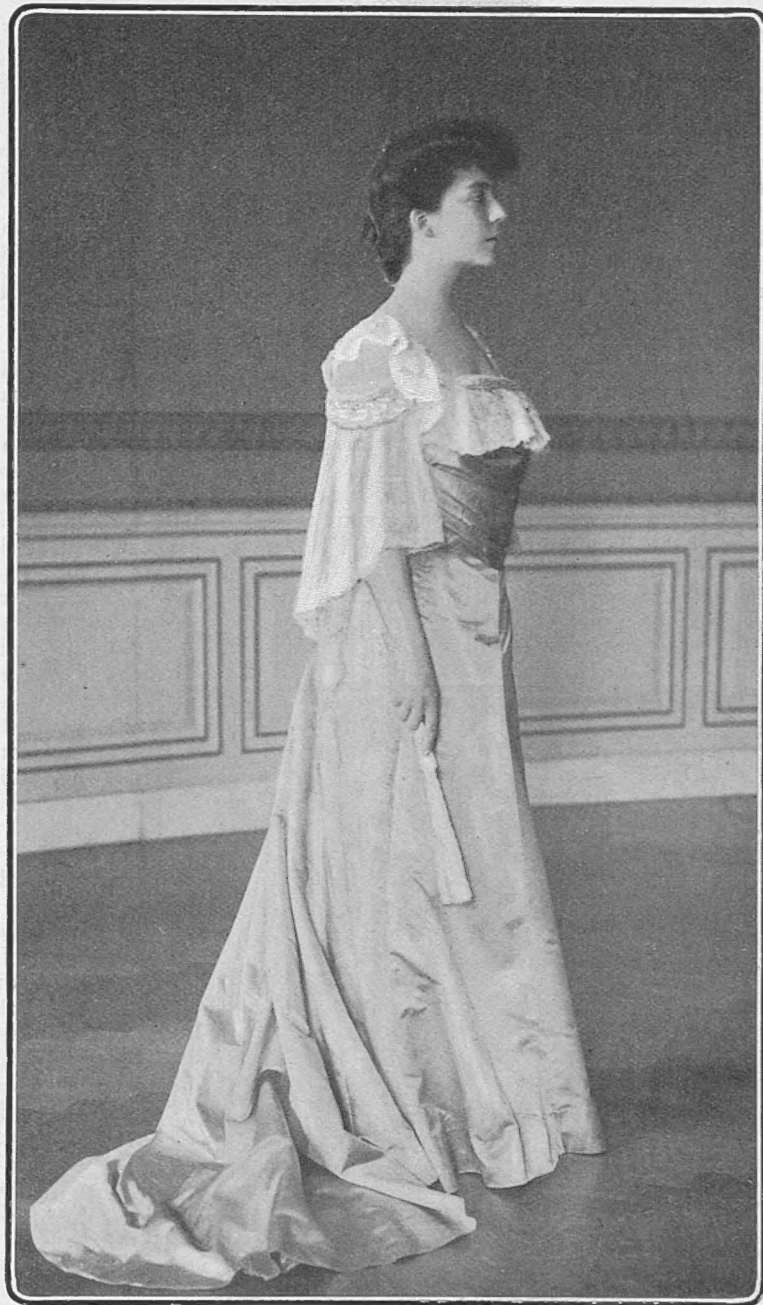
Mr. "Jemmy" Caldwell.

Now that Mr. Caldwell is Deputy Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons it seems familiar to call him "Jemmy." But "Jemmy" he remains to all old members. He is regarded as the pink of

Nobody can rattle through the clauses of a Bill or votes in Supply so rapidly as Mr. Caldwell. If members do not rise in time to catch his eye that is their fault, and not his. In his rich Glasgow voice he gives his rulings and puts a question to the vote with the utmost precision and coolness. He has been in the law and in the calico-printing business.

"Princess Alice" of the U.S.A.

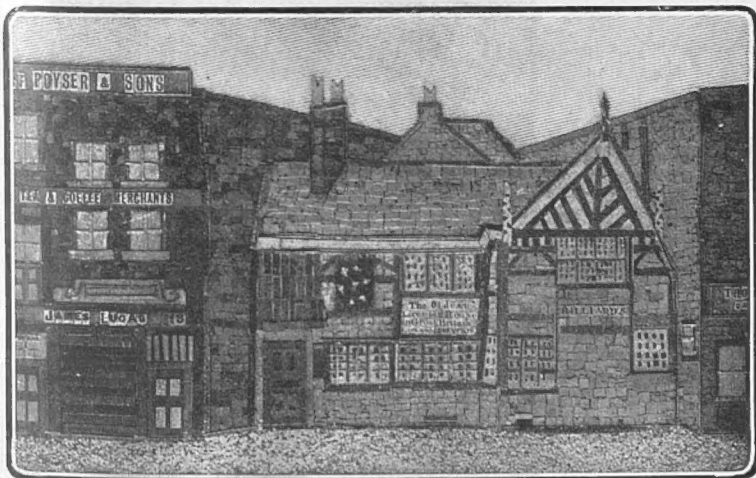
The Princess Alice of the United States of America is Princess Alice no more; she is simply Mrs. Longworth. But, by whatever name she come to England, she is very, very welcome. Welcome, too, is Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the fortunate man who has made her his



"PRINCESS ALICE" OF THE U.S.A. IN ENGLAND: MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, WHO IS NOW VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

wife and himself the son-in-law of President Roosevelt. Their visit to England is part of their bridal tour. The King and Queen have long been anxious to have Mrs. Longworth here. They would have been delighted to see her at the Coronation, and she would have been present but for diplomatic difficulties. The German Emperor wanted her to go on to Berlin, and the visit to England would have resolved itself into a semi-State progress through the Courts of Europe. The President was too sensible a man not to see the thin ice in the matter of precedent and royal etiquette over which his daughter would have to pass. "Wait!" he said. She waited, and now her turn has come. Bride and bridegroom are by this time used to sight-seeing and being seen.



SURELY ONE OF THESE HAS WON A PRIZE! A MODEL IN TRAM-TICKETS OF THE OLD SEVEN STARS.

The model of The Old Seven Stars public-house, Whity Grove, here illustrated, was made of used tram-tickets by Detective-Sergeant Kynaston, of the London and North-Western Railway Police. Can it be that some of the tickets will prove to be "gift-winners"?

Photograph by A. O'Connell.

Scottish canniness, shrewdness, and industry, and if he is not an awe-inspiring Chairman, he is at any rate thoroughly prompt and businesslike. Perhaps he knows the rules of the House as well as the Speaker, and he is quite at home at the head of the Table.

The Wedding of the Week.

To-morrow (June 14) the traditional fane of St. George's, Hanover Square, sees the wedding of the week—if not, indeed, the wedding of the year—namely, that of the Marquess of Graham and Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton. The King is to be present, and the reception afterwards will be at Devonshire House. It is understood, also, that Mrs. Harold Pearson, the victor in the Eye Election, has been specially invited. Lord and Lady Graham are to spend their honeymoon on the Isle of Arran, at Brodick Castle, where the King and Queen paid a memorable visit a year or two ago to Lady Mary and her mother. Later in the year the happy couple will come south to Suffolk for the hunting season, and will reside at Easton Park, the fine property which passed to the Hamiltons on the death of the last Earl of Rochford.



THE WEDDING OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST HEIRESS: LADY MARY HAMILTON'S RESIDENCE AT EASTON PARK, WICKHAM MARKET.

The Queen of Arran.

Not for many a day has a wedding excited such widespread interest. Had she been a boy, Lady Mary would have been a Duke; her marriage will make her some day a Duchess—Duchess of Montrose. Her mother is a Duchess—widow of the late Duke of Hamilton; her grandmother is a Duchess—Duchess of Devonshire. As for Lady Mary, they call her a queen—Queen of Arran, the lovely island on the Clyde where she has her home. That, of course, does not represent the whole of her possessions. The stories told as to her wealth have not lacked exaggeration, but she has a clear £30,000 a year, to say nothing of a very handsome capital sum, and palatial homes, not

only in Arran and Lanarkshire, but at Easton Park, Suffolk. Her beauty and charming disposition make her the idol of her people in Arran, where the greatest day in their previous history was for them that day on which she came of age. The island simply blazed with bonfires all the night, and every islander made as merry in his own sphere as did the thousand guests who danced in the dawn up at Brodick Castle.

The Heart of Montrose.

Some day, perhaps, the Marquess of Graham and his bride will add to their family possessions the treasured relic of his house—the heart of Montrose. It is supposed still to exist. The story is a strange and romantic one. The Great Montrose, slain by the Covenanters, was thrown into a

ditch; but his niece, Lady Napier, caused his heart to be rescued and enclosed in a casket of steel made from the dead warrior's sword. This in turn was enclosed in a box of filigree gold given by the Doge of Venice to "Logarithm" Napier. The whole was sent abroad to be kept in safety by the head of the family, but was lost for years. The fifth Lord Napier discovered it, and bequeathed it to his daughter Hester, who carried it by her side when the ship upon which she was a passenger was attacked by the French. It was stolen from her while she was resident in India, and sold to a native chief, who, out of admiration for the bravery of this lady's son, restored the precious heirloom to him. The heart figured in the French Revolution. All residents in France had to give up their gold; the heart was sent by its owners in its case of gold to England, and there finally lost.

How to get Married—in Montmartre.

Quite the latest way of getting married comes from Paris. Two young people presented themselves before the curé of a church in Montmartre. "Good day," they said, "M. le Curé; is it not splendid weather?" "Magnificent!" returned the genial priest; "a little too warm, but in the shade, you know—" His sentence was never finished, for the two young people interrupted him by saying in one voice, "We mutually consent to be married." The priest was thoroughly taken aback, and protested; but at this very moment, two witnesses who were in hiding came forward and stated they had heard the declaration too. Hence, there was nothing for it. According to the Council of Trent and the law that governs the Church, the couple are indissolubly married. Imagine the sensation in Montmartre. Now, when a young man, accompanied by a young woman, "passes the time of day" with the curé, the latter replies, "Oh, that is very well, but it does not count with me; I'm deaf."

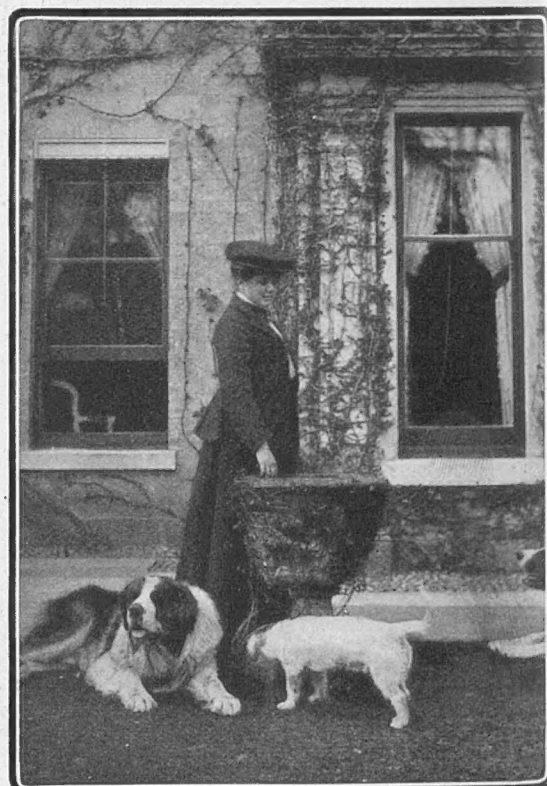
Music in South Africa.

One of the greatest markets in the world for musical instruments is South Africa, which spends on an average £200,000 a year, about £100,000 of which goes in pianos. Germany supplies the greater number of these instruments, because the Boers like to buy cheap pianos; and she also provides most of the accordions and harmonicas which both Boers and natives buy in large numbers.



THE WEDDING OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST HEIRESS: LADY MARY HAMILTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TAKES PLACE TO-MORROW (THE 14TH), AND HER PET DOGS.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE WEDDING OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST HEIRESS: LADY MARY HAMILTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TAKES PLACE TO-MORROW (THE 14TH), AND HER PET DOGS.

Photograph by Bassano.

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MISS KATHERINE TREFUSIS AND THE HON. ARTHUR CRICHTON, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (THE 13TH).

Photographs by Bassano, and Lafayette. Dublin.

A Week of Weddings.

This week is indeed to be a week of weddings, for those of Lord Howick and Lady Mabel Palmer and of Lord Ninian Stuart and the Hon. Ismay Preston are fixed for next Saturday; and Miss Katherine Trefusis and Mr. Arthur Crichton, who are evidently not superstitious, have chosen to-day, although it is the thirteenth of the month, to be married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Lady Mabel Palmer's wedding is, of course, particularly interesting to Colonials as being the union of the Viceroy of Canada's son and heir with the daughter of the High Commissioner of South Africa. Lord Selborne will not be present at his daughter's marriage, and, indeed, he is not likely to see her for some time, for Lord Howick and his bride, after a short honeymoon spent at Buckhurst and at Howick, will start for Canada. There they are to go with Lord Grey on his tour to Alaska and the Klondike, but they expect to be back in England in October.

A Catholic Alliance.

Lord Ninian's marriage will unite two ancient Roman Catholic families—the one Irish and the other Scotch, being therein exactly like the marriage of Lord Ninian's brother, Lord Bute, last year. Miss Ismay Preston is, indeed, an intimate friend of young Lady Bute, whose bridesmaid she was. Lord Ninian, who is twenty-three, was an undergraduate at Christ Church, where his younger brother, Lord Colum, now is, before joining the Scots Guards. He is already well known on the turf, for, unlike the majority of younger sons, he is well off, having been left by his father the fine estate of Falkland, in the kingdom of Fife, together with the Keepership of the old palace of the Scottish Kings. This wedding, too, is interesting to Colonials, for the bride's father, Lord Gormanston—who, by the way, holds the extremely ancient Barony of Birmingham—has done good service as Governor in succession of three British Colonies.

A Notable Engagement.

Close to the actual bridal of Lady Mary Hamilton and the Marquess of Graham comes the news of Lord Haddo's engagement to

Mrs. Cockayne. The eldest son of Lord and Lady Aberdeen is heir to one of the greatest of Scottish Earldoms, and the present Viceroy of Ireland and his brilliant wife have claims to the respect and affection of their fellow countrymen and countrywomen all the world over. Lord Haddo, who is still in the twenties, is following a new fashion, and marrying a lady some years older than himself. Mrs. Cockayne is well known in Manchester, for her late husband was a distinguished citizen of Cottonopolis. She is herself descended from that great master of English prose, John Bunyan, and, as such ancestry betokens, she is as keenly interested in philanthropic and social problems as is the Countess of Aberdeen herself. Lord Haddo, who is his father's aide-de-camp at Dublin Castle, prefers a country to a town life, and some time ago Lord Aberdeen presented him with a charming Scottish estate not far from Haddo House.

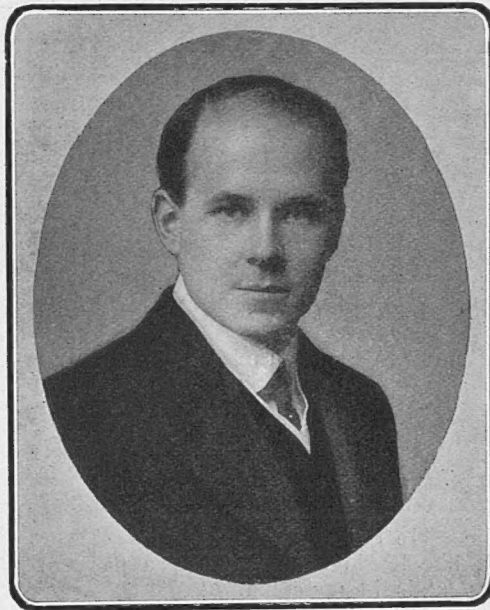
Corneille's Desk. Corneille, the great dramatic poet, who is just now being celebrated in Paris, had an old desk at which he had written "The Cid," "Horace," and "Polyeucte." A rich banker, who admired the works of the poet, offered to give him a splendid new desk in exchange for the old one. Corneille accepted the gift, and sent his old desk to the

banker; but when he sat down to write at the new desk his inspiration was gone, and the piece which he composed at it was a miserable failure. He therefore went to the banker and begged to be allowed to have his old table back again, and the banker, who had been much distressed at Corneille's first failure, granted him his wish. The result was immediately apparent, for Corneille wrote "Edipus" and "Sertorius," two plays which had a great success at the time.

A Literary Marriage.

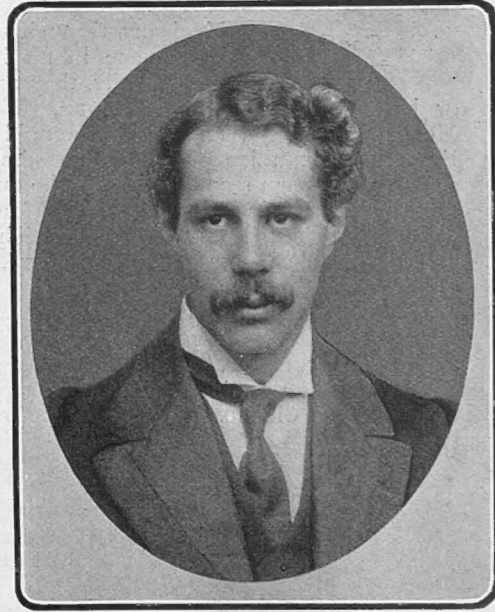
The House of Blackwood is honoured by every booklover throughout the English reading world, and the Scottish capital, to say nothing of the many readers of "Maga," are interested in the wedding of Mr. James Blackwood, the nephew of

the present head of the famous publishing firm, to Miss Sybil Morant, the daughter of Admiral Sir Digby and Lady Morant.



MISS SYBIL MORANT AND MR. JAMES BLACKWOOD, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED ON THE 27TH.

Photographs by Thomson.



MRS. COCKAYNE AND LORD HADDO, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Photographs by Thomson, and Russell.



By E. A. B.

What the Jew Cannot Do.

The dinner held this evening in connection with the Jews' College marks the jubilee of that fine institution. There are only eleven million Jews in the world, but they remain, as they have long been, one of the foremost of nations. No other people in history has endured such

tribulations, so long survived persecution, and, in spite of all, amassed so much wealth, provided such princely public benefactions. "I would give you all the Jews in Russia for half-a-dozen Jews. I could name in London," Gortschakoff once said. We certainly are fortunate in our representatives of the family. They seem all to be imbued with that spirit which Disraeli evinced when he took a young compatriot by the hand. "What are your aspirations?" he



TOSSING PANCAKES—THE IDEAL METHOD.

asked. Being answered, he said, "You will fulfil them all. You and I come of a race which has learned to do everything except fail."

£200 in a Coffin. In inventing a story, the manufacturer must have for his hero either an Irishman or a Jew. Sir Algernon West takes a Jew and his two sons for one of his stories, one good enough to deserve to have truth on its side. The aged Hebrew was about to die. He called his sons to his side. "My sons," he said, "I don't like leaving the world as a pauper; pray put a couple of hundred pounds in my coffin." This they promised to do. Before the funeral one of the brothers asked the other, "Did you do as our father wished?" "Yes," replied the other, "I did." Now the second, either because he was suspicious or because he thought that he might turn the £200 to profitable account, went secretly to the coffin, opened it, and searched for the buried treasure. It was there, but not in negotiable form. The cautious if dutiful son had complied with the letter of his father's request by placing in the coffin the sum named in the shape of—a crossed cheque.

The One Loyal Heart.

Mexicans, through their rioting and bloodshed, have come in for harsh judgments lately; and, undoubtedly, they are very prone to use revolver or knife when their blood is up. There is another side to the Mexican character, and here is a noble example of it: When the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico was about to be shot by his revolted subjects, one man stood by him to the end—not a Frenchman, but a full-blooded Mexican-Indian, General Mejia. He, with his Sovereign, was about to be led out to execution. The door of his cell was opened, and the revolutionary General Alatorre, who had thrice been Mejia's prisoner and thrice forgiven and liberated, entered. He had come to repay his debt to his countryman. "My horse is at the door," he said; "you are free to go." "And the Emperor?" queried the other. "Will die in an hour," answered Alatorre. "And you dare to make this proposition to me? Leave the room!" exclaimed Mejia. An hour later he died by the side of the man he had served and loved too well.

A Royal Speech which Failed.

To-day, the Prime Minister, in unveiling the Harcourt Memorial, should be in his happiest vein. On the whole, he is as little liable to "nerves" as any man. Mr. Chamberlain, as John Bright and Gladstone always did, still pleads guilty to a slight trembling when he rises to address the Commons; the Premier does not. Nerves are not the affliction of lesser mortals alone. Though few people guessed it, Queen Victoria was acutely nervous to the last day of her

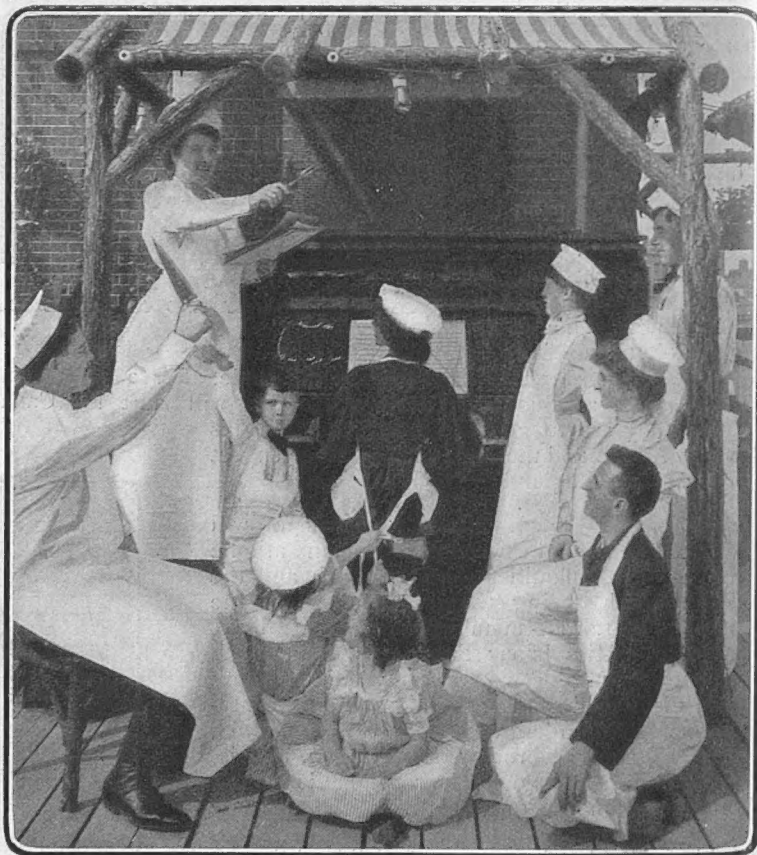
life. She had once to look for rescue to the very man whom to-day the Prime Minister celebrates. The occasion was the opening of the new Law Courts. She had merely to utter a sentence declaring the Courts open. At the last moment her courage failed her. The ruler of four hundred millions could not say a dozen words to four hundred of her subjects. She hurriedly summoned Sir William Harcourt to her side, and bade him say the words which her faltering lips could not pronounce.

A Courageous Coward.

Tennyson had "nerves." They could never get him to make a public speech. Let him sit still, and he could orate till the cows came home; but once upon his legs he was wordless. Grattan's nerves were most fluttered by the thought of ghosts, stories of which had been poured into his ears by those who ought to have known better. But he conquered his fears in a curious and notable manner. Near to his father's house was a cemetery. Thither, when he had made up his mind to grapple with his fears, the youth would repair at dead of night, and perch himself upon a gravestone. "Come one, come all," was his unspoken challenge. Cold perspiration, he used to say, streamed down his face. But he persevered, and mastered his trepidation, and spooks became a back number in his life, for which, as the Americans say, he had no use.

What is Secrecy?

The question which the experts have been asking Mr. McConnell is, "What is whisky?" He has a story whose burden is, "What is secrecy?" It happened that while Mr. J. L. Toole was playing at a Liverpool theatre, the present Lord Brampton was trying a great case at the Assizes there. Judge and comedian met one night at supper, and the former confided to his guest that he intended on the morrow to sentence his man to fifteen years, saying, "He deserves it." The eyes of the comedian



A FREAK FEAST ON AN AMERICAN ROOF-GARDEN: A BEEF-STEAK DINNER.

At the dinner here illustrated, the guests wore caps and aprons. The beef was soaked in olive oil, and served in inch-square pieces.

gleamed. "Do you mind," he said, "my calling round at the morning newspaper offices and giving them that tip? It would do me a world of good." "Good heavens, of course you may not," said the Judge. And he insisted upon seeing the actor to his bedroom and waiting until he was fast asleep, and so beyond the possibility of giving effect to his jocular threat.

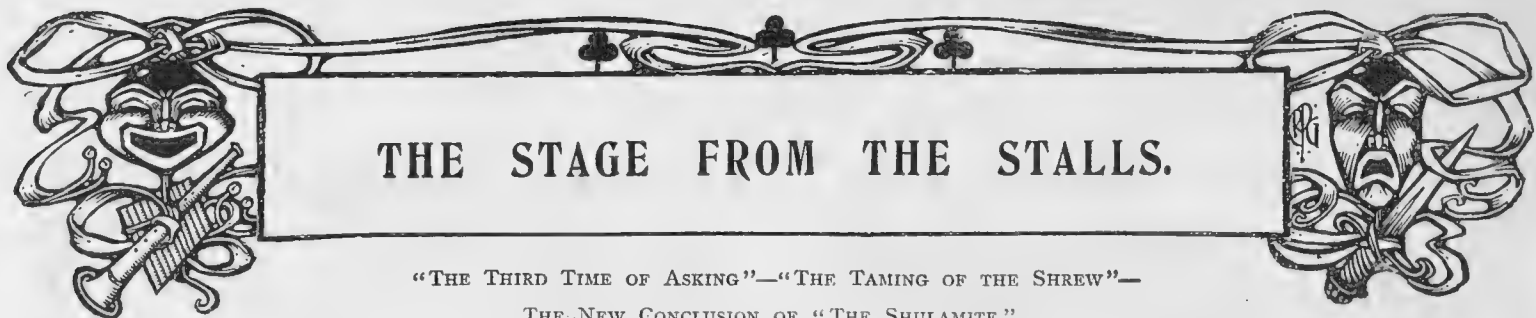
"NETTED" FOR ENGLAND: A GOOD CATCH FOR DALY'S.



A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH OF Mlle. MARIETTE SULLY, WHO IS TO APPEAR AS JULIETTE DIAMANTE
IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE GEISHA."

Mlle. Sully, the well-known French actress, who is to take the part originated by Miss Juliette Nesville, was the first La Poupée, and has also played Véronique and in "The Little Michus," at the Bouffes Parisiens.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

"THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING"—"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"—
THE NEW CONCLUSION OF "THE SHULAMITE."

MRS. M. E. FRANCIS writes little dialect sketches of low life with considerable skill, and is now showing that she can with equal skill adapt her very excellent work to the stage. "The Third Time of Asking," which Mr. Bouchier has put on at the Garrick as a curtain-raiser to "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," is an admirably humorous and very effective study of the wooing of a Lancashire farmer, who has a short way with all rivals, and the impetuosity of a Petruchio in dealing with his lass. There is a little scene in which one of the rivals tries his hand at "coorting" which is quite funny, and the siege of Catty's heart by the display of worldly wealth is drawn with insight and sympathy: and this is greater praise than can be given to most curtain-raisers which are thought worthy of production. The part of the headstrong and violent hero gives Mr. Bouchier an opportunity for a very entertaining piece of acting: the only improvement that could be suggested would be a more realistic Lancashire accent; but this would be too much to expect from any but a native of the county. Mr. Walter Pearce, the rival, and Miss Pamela Gaythorne, the lass, are open to criticism in the same respect. Mr. Arthur Whitby, the old father, is the only one who persuades us that he is the genuine article.

"The Taming of the Shrew" as played by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton at the Adelphi will be fresh in the memory of playgoers, and its revival after "The Lonely Millionaires" has hardly come as a surprise. The dominant note of the production is a strenuous and good-humoured heartiness, which proved very popular a short time ago, and if the enthusiasm of a holiday audience is any criterion, is proving very popular once more. The play is a farcical comedy of no great subtlety, and it is played with emphasis on the farce. Mr. Asche is vigorous in his most unmannerly wooing; Miss Brayton is vigorous in her most unladylike shrewishness; and the whole company works together with a vigour and enthusiasm which are irresistible. There are other ways of attacking the play, but this is, in the absence of remarkable genius in the leading players, probably as good a way as any; and it has the merit of making the piece a reliable stop-gap when others have failed.

The fact that the conclusion of "The Shulamite" has been changed so that a gloomy finish becomes a happy-ever-after ending causes one to think furiously—a French phrase popular with our journalists for reasons unknown to me. The idea of drawing the laggard public to a play excellent of its class and admirably acted, but unpopular because the last act is not an epithalamium, is based on a touching belief in our sentimentality. How many Englishmen have sought a violent death in hope of peace from conjugal strife!—how many of our national jokes are founded on the theory that man and wife are linked enemies! "When a man's single he lives at his

ease," says one old phrase; "Qui prend femme prend souci." remarks another; "No wife, no worry," may be a true utterance, and so, too, "Marriage—mar-age" is, perhaps, a sound old jape, as sound as that "Husband and wife are fire and gunpowder," and the Armenian proverb, "God created man and woman, and the devil invented matrimony." And yet pit and gallery, and perhaps the people in clawhammer coats and décolleté dresses, demand plays that suggest to them the fulfilment of love's young dreams, which in their case have had bitter awakenings. We have seen many experiments

of the kind attempted in "The Shulamite," even, unless memory tricks me, in the case of "The Profligate," sometimes referred to as the first of the problem plays, where Mr. Pinero condescended. Nowadays he adopts the true standpoint of the artists who owe a statue to Pontius Pilate. The tremendous Hall Caine took the opposite step with "Ben My Chree," and changed smiles for sorrow—an unavailing traffic, I fancy.

The case of "The Shulamite" exhibits one of the troubles of our dramatists—perhaps the main trouble. The French and the modern Germans seem to enjoy mournful plays. Jean Paul it was, I believe, who talked of the Teutons who put handkerchiefs over their neckties in economical anticipation of the joy of tears. Many, most of the new foreign writers use death as dissolution, if not solution, of their problems, and the writers sever the Gordian entanglements which they themselves have tied, with a razor or pistol, where our playwrights convert them into "true-lovers' knots." The result of the belief in the theatrical world that a gloomy ending to a play fore-shadows a gloomy fate for it has led to the rejection by managers of many admirable works, the authors of which have refused, or been unable, to alter them to a termination that promises happiness—for a few hours. Perhaps the managers are wise in their generation. It may be that "Hamlet" would enjoy longer runs if the Prince were to marry Ophelia and discover that the Ghost was only the fraud of an early Spiritualist medium, that "Othello" would rival "Charley's Aunt" in favour

if the Moor found out, ere too late, that Iago was an inaccurate person and the somewhat insipid Desdemona a miracle of constancy. "King Lear" has been tinkered with in the past. "Macbeth" could hardly be changed. The humour is that such alterations, such concessions to public taste, are quite unconvincing. The public knows that the people would not be happy, but likes to pretend to be ignorant. It knows quite as well as does the author that the disordered ending of "His House in Order" does not promise lasting happiness for the Filmers. Perhaps Geraldine will never come back again, but the husband and wife will not be happy together for long. What does the public seek, what does it find in this kind of thing? Really, it is but part and parcel of the make-believe connected with the stage; but the public believes in its own make-believe.



"OTHELLO," AT THE LYRIC: MR. LEWIS WALLER AS OTHELLO,
AND MR. H. B. IRVING AS IAGO.

"Othello," which Mr. Waller has been presenting for a series of matinées at the Lyric, is to fill the evening bill of that theatre from the 16th or 18th of this month. The cast will be to all intents and purposes the same as that already seen at the afternoon performances. "Brigadier Gerard" has not run the whole of its course, however, for Mr. Waller, finding Othello a more strenuous part even than Gerard, has decided to keep Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's play for use at Wednesday matinées. This should prove a popular move, for there must be many still wishing so to see Gerard.

Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A REAL MODEL PRISON: THE CENTRAL PRISON AT SANDAKAN, CAPITAL OF BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

Since the days when Charles Reade wrote "It's Never Too Late to Mend," Great Britain's prison system has been steadily improving, from the humanitarian point of view. Criminals are better treated in every way, not only in this country, but in many places abroad. British North Borneo's Central Prison is certainly a model, in working and in appearance, and there are many who might envy the prisoners.

Photograph by C. Bradbury.



SATAN KEEPING GUARD OVER THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOTTOMLESS PIT—IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

The statue here shown was erected by a wealthy but eccentric gentleman in the gardens of a house near Retford. Satan is represented as guarding the bottomless pit, and is chained so that he may not "go about seeking whom he may devour." In the same garden is a pit filled with effigies, known by such names as "The Drink Devil" and "The Tobacco Fiend."

Photograph supplied by C. F. Shaw.



RATS! A RAT-CATCHING CONVICT AND HIS RAT-CATCHER FAMILY.

The Central Prison at Rangoon is so overrun with rats that the authorities remit a day of a prisoner's sentence for every rat he or his relatives can kill. The convict here shown, his wife, and his little sons are expert rat-catchers, and all worked hard to shorten the "time" of the head of the family.



AN EARTHQUAKE FREAK—THE BONES OF A BUILDING.

The San Francisco earthquake showed many a curious sight to those who were not too scared to see. The Press photographer, as usual, was ubiquitous, and, trained to observe, left little of value unsnapshotted. Our illustration shows St. Dominic's Church. The damage was wrought by the earthquake, unassisted by fire.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



A STONY STEED: A MOUNT ON A CURIOUSLY SHAPED ROCK.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROCK: A NOVEL SENTRY-BOX.

ACTOR-MANAGERS AS THEIR OWN DRAMATIC CRITICS.

Miss Lena Ashwell's Views of "The Shulamite" and its New End.

AN old and well-tried proverb and the *mot* of a master of retort, if not of invective, confront me in my first—and, I hope, my last—attempt at dramatic criticism. The proverb bids the shoemaker stick to his last, and the *mot* I have in mind is that "a critic is one who has failed—in literature." Following out the analogy, it might be held—suppose I should write a good criticism—that I had failed as an actress. This introduces a third difficulty, for the only criticism that matters is that which is destructive, and were I to say strong things either against "The Shulamite" in general or my own acting in particular, I should contradict the other critics who have extended so many kind expressions towards the share I have had in bringing the work to the favourable notice of the public.

For the public notice has been favourable. Indeed, I may go farther than that without being guilty of exaggeration. The enthusiastic reception accorded to the play on the night of its production has been repeated at every subsequent performance. It will be asked, then why change the end of the play?—for everyone interested in the theatre must have seen the paragraphs announcing that the third act is to be changed. It is always a difficult thing to change the end of a play after it has been produced. More than that, it is a dangerous thing. It is difficult, for the reason that the dramatist must of necessity foreshadow his end in the beginning, and it is dangerous in that people are apt to assume that the play, as it first stood, has been found wanting. That, happily, is not the case with "The Shulamite." Yielding, however, to certain strong suggestions that a gleam of hope for the woman and the man who love each other is not outside the pale or scope of the play, some slight modification will be made, so that at the end of the piece the gloom will not be unrelieved. That, however, is quite different from re-writing the last act, which it has generally been assumed is what has been done—as it was also erroneously understood that the new act was to have been produced last Saturday evening.

The play will not end with wedding bells, however. On the other side of the Atlantic it has grown into something like an axiom that no play can succeed which does not end happily. Some people hold the same view with regard to England. For myself, I am free to confess that I think a sad ending is not necessarily antagonistic to the success of a play.

I have played in many pieces which have been eminently successful in spite of their unhappy endings. Perhaps I might even go so far as to say because of their unhappy endings, for the end of a play must be of a piece with the rest of it. It is for this reason that "The Shulamite" appealed to me. It is immensely interesting and natural. The characters are men and women with blood in their veins, not sawdust. In other words, they are real people and not puppets. That, if I may be allowed to dogmatise—and every critic does dogmatise—is the criterion of a play. It interests the public because of the truth it contains. It interests the actors for the same reason, not for the opportunities which it offers them of exhibiting a certain strenuousness of which they may be capable. It is this fact which is the fundamental difference between the old plays and the modern. The old plays held the stage because of the prestige of the actor in the part. Over and over again one reads of Mrs. Siddons making an unworthy play attract by the wonder of her impersonation, and it sank into oblivion when the vitalising force of her personality was withdrawn from it.

A modern play holds the stage in such measure as it reflects life, but it must reflect life dramatically. That is quite different from reflecting it theatrically. The two things differ in much the same way as real emotion differs from rant, and everyone will agree that the latter is "sound and fury signifying nothing."

This little disquisition is pertinent both to the reality of "The Shulamite" and to the acting. The play starts from certain premises and proceeds by logical sequence to its *dénouement*. It gathers strength as it goes on, and every work of art which is not episodic in its limitations—as painting and sculpture are—must fulfil that requirement if it is to hold the attention of the audience. "The Shulamite"

fulfilled that condition as a book. It fulfils that condition as a play. It has been objected that the third act seems to fall off. It falls off only by comparison with the second, which I have no hesitation in saying appeals to me as an enormous act. That the third should not cap its climax is inevitable, for the last act of a play cannot, in the nature of things, be equal in strength, in force, or even in appeal, to the act or acts in which the plot is developed. In the last act the threads of the story have to be gathered together, and that must necessarily be a less exciting process than unravelling the clue, or forming the pattern, if that simile is preferred.

It has been urged, too, that Deborah is neurotic. I do not think she is. She is emotional. That, however, is quite a different thing. She brings nothing of the tragedy of her life on herself. Everything is brought about by Circumstance, and so comes from outside. In a measure, therefore, she may be regarded as struggling with Fate, in which case one might consider the play as having in it something in the nature of Greek tragedy. It would, however, not do to labour the point, for the object of the stage is to mirror emotion without labelling it.

I have referred to the vitality of the acting of the play. The opportunity I have of writing of my own performance is obvious. In all art the obvious is the one thing to avoid. I therefore prefer to speak of the naturalness, of the truth of the work of my comrades. The acting shows

the play, and each member of the cast fills her and his allotted place with truth, fidelity, and effect. In acting it is, perhaps, trite to refer to Keats's memorable line—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

It is, however, inevitable, especially in relation to Miss Beryl Mercer's performance of the Kaffir girl. It is difficult for people to believe that she is not a real Kaffir. Indeed, so realistic is her work that many people have accused me of introducing to the stage a real Kaffir. What makes the compliment to the actress still greater is the fact that many of these people have lived for a long time in South Africa, and several of them have said in terms, "You can't fool me. I know she is a Kaffir." Incidentally, Miss Mercer's performance shows what good acting the provinces get, for she has been for some time with various provincial companies.

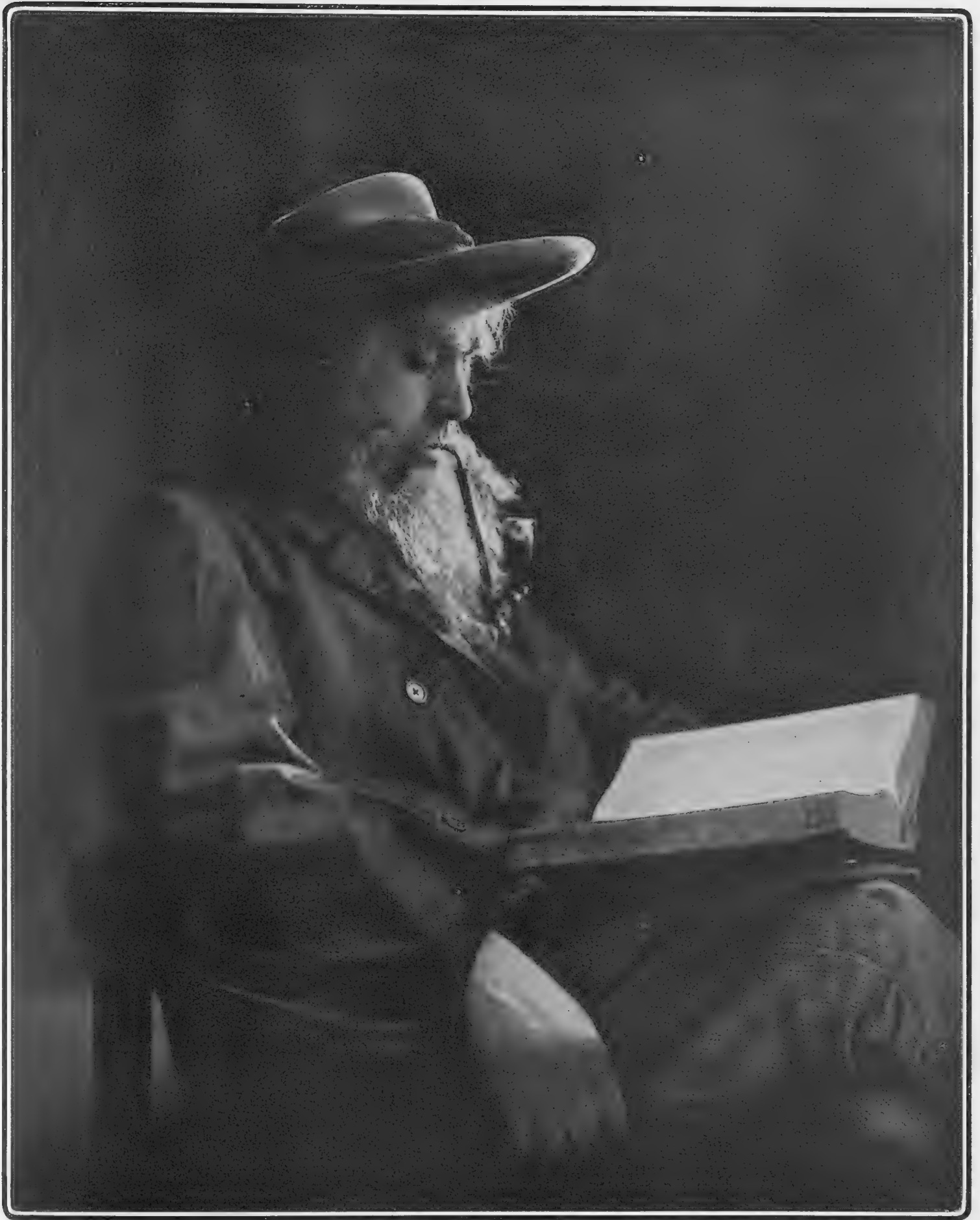
Not less true, not less wonderful, is, I think, Mr. Norman McKinnel's performance, and very delightful is the work of Mr. Henry Ainley. All my comrades, however, merit every word of approbation I can give them; and, if only for the pleasure of paying my tribute of admiration to them in public, I ought to be grateful that for once the shoemaker does not always stick to his last. LENA ASHWELL.



MISS LENA ASHWELL AS DEBORAH KRILLET IN "THE SHULAMITE,"
AT THE SAVOY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

"THE SHULAMITE," AT THE SAVOY.



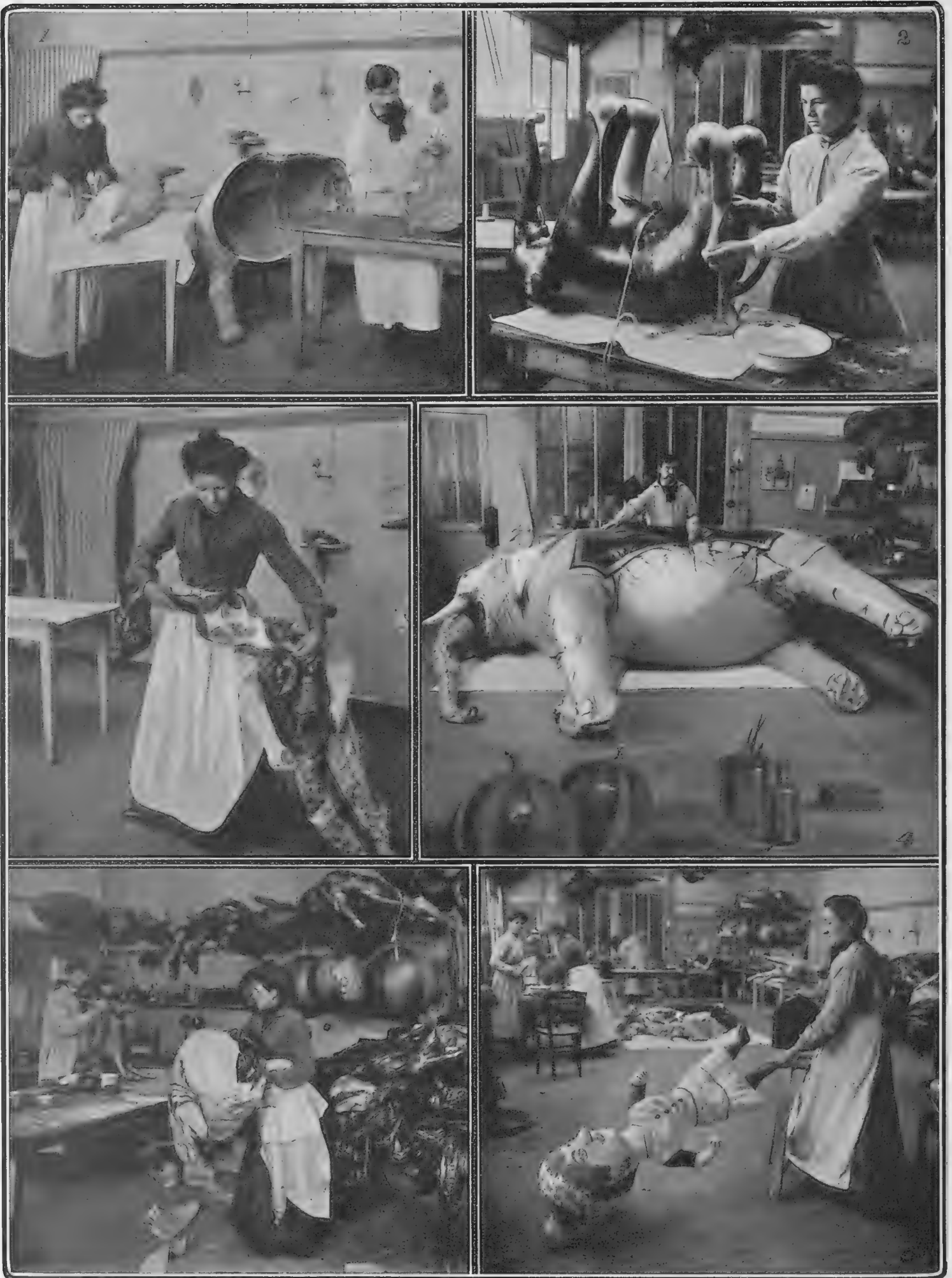
MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS SIMEON KRILLET.

Simeon Krillet, the Boer farmer, belongs to that curious class of men who have so firm a belief that the wife should obey the husband in all things, small or great, that, whether they love or not, they do not hesitate to punish by the whip. Thus Simeon, who is really in love with Deborah, his wife, sjamboks her when she crosses his will. For a time she permits this, holding that he is her master; then Robert Waring, the young English overseer on her husband's farm, comes into her life, and she rebels. The next time Simeon raises his whip, she pleads with him, then, as a last resource, asks him whether he would kill her unborn child. From this moment Simeon is all tenderness, but that tenderness turns to hate when Deborah, torn by her remorse and his joy, tells him that she lied, and he goes for his gun to kill her. Then Waring comes on the scene, hears Deborah's story, and goes to find Simeon. Simeon fires at the intruder, and is shot dead. Waring and Deborah take the body out on to the veldt, and cause it to be believed that Simeon, who was supposed to have started on a journey, had been struck by lightning. Then Waring tells Deborah that he is already married, and must return to his dying wife in England, and the twain part. So the play concluded when it was originally produced; now the public desire for a pleasant ending has caused an alteration, and the curtain falls leaving a prospect of future happiness for Deborah and Waring.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

FLOATING MEN AND BEASTS:

MAKING GROTESQUE BALLOONS IN PARIS.



1. MAKING A SUPPLE MOULD BY COVERING A CARDBOARD MODEL WITH SEVERAL THICKNESSES OF GOLD-BEATERS'-SKIN, AND MODELLING A BOAR'S HEAD.

3. WITHDRAWING A MOULD FROM A DEFLATED BALLOON REPRESENTING A MAN.

5. PAINTING THE BALLOONS.

2. CONSTRUCTING AN ELEPHANT-BALLOON OF GOLD-BEATERS'-SKIN, WITH THE AID OF A SUPPLE MODEL OF THE SAME SUBSTANCE, PREVIOUSLY GREASED TO PREVENT THE TWO STICKING TOGETHER.

4. PUMPING AIR INTO JUMBO, THE LARGEST GROTESQUE BALLOON IN THE WORLD.

6. INFLATING THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN.

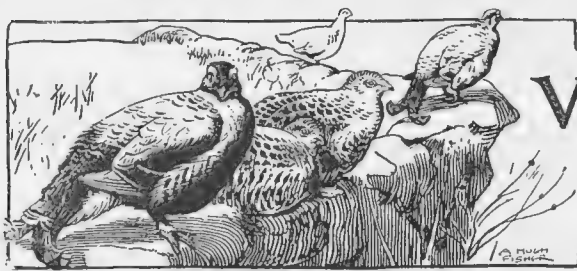
Photographs supplied by Frederic Lees.

BULLETIN—10 O'CLOCK.

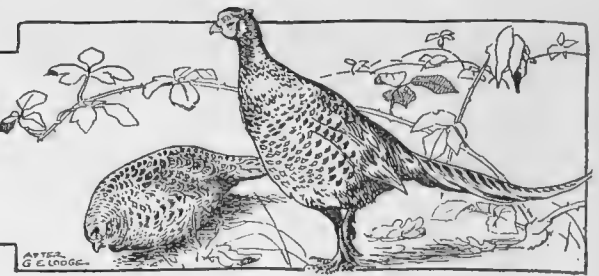


"HIS LORDSHIP PASSED A VERY RESTLESS NIGHT."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Crippled Birds and Beasts.

When spring gives game-birds renewed courage, and mating time has cast out the fear that came with the shooting season, curious and tragic stories that the woodlands have hidden come suddenly to light. Walking through a friend's woods a week or two ago, I saw at least half-a-dozen crippled pheasants, birds that had been badly hit in some winter battue and had not been picked up. Probably they had hidden and gone on short-commons during the winter, but were now sufficiently recovered from their wounds to take an active interest in life. Doubtless, they would become the parents of tolerably hardy stock. It seems fairly certain that birds and beasts can recover from the bad effects of broken limbs without any aid that is not natural. I have found rabbits, and, on one occasion, a hare, with broken legs that have healed naturally. Of course, this healing is very awkward, and has generally resulted in a creation of a bony ridge that quite spoils the ordinary shape of the limb, but there are cases in which rabbits have been known to thrive in spite of a disjointed fracture. One can but hope that birds and beasts do not suffer as a man would from gunshot wounds, for the condition of the woodlands in spring-time shows all too often that the retrieving of birds is not followed up with the care that the interests of humanity demand. The horrors that follow a battue where wounded birds are neglected have been set out with rare force by Thomas Hardy in his "Tess," in a passage describing a night that Tess spent in the woods.

The Sportsman's Breakfast.

The recent outcry against that excellent institution, breakfast, justifies a note from the sportsman's point of view. Certainly those of us who follow sport for exercise, and do not wish to be carried to our birds, would not and could not dispense with breakfast. Lunch may well be an affair of a sandwich followed by a pipe, but breakfast builds one up for the day's work, and there can be very few sportsmen who do not seek to begin the morning well when they are bent on walking, whether after the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air or the fish in the river. Eggs, fish, meat—all these things are demanded when you turn out early for a long day's sport; lunch, being an affair of a few minutes' duration, does not count at all. Breakfast and dinner should be the two meals of a sportsman's day. Of course,

Snakes in England.

Adders seem to be making themselves rather unpleasant in these days, if one may judge by letters published in the daily papers, and doubtless the bad habits of our one dangerous snake will lead to the destruction of many grass-snakes that are quite incapable of doing



A HERRING-WATCHER'S HUT.

This quaint little hut at Yarmouth is built out of half an old boat, and is known as "Snowdrop Villa." It forms a shelter for the man who keeps guard over the barrels of herrings day and night.

Photograph by Bennett.

any harm, and, indeed, may be said to add, in their own way, to the beauty of our fields. I suppose that the adders of the New Forest, particularly those that have managed to survive in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst, must be rejoicing to think that Brusher Mills is no more. The old man had killed thousands of adders during the many years of his sojourn in the forest, and assured me more than once that adders really live in the forest under the protection of fairies, and that these "wise folk," as he sometimes called them, had given him the cleft palate from which he suffered all the days of his long life. He held that they had cleft his palate in order that he might not be able to explain to landowners or their game-keepers that he was not really trespassing on their property, but was there in the interests of mankind. Certainly no other man can hope to earn the privilege that fell to Brusher Mills in his later days and be free to go from covert to covert unmolested and unrebuked at seasons when the adder is abroad and, incidentally, pheasants' eggs are to be picked up very easily.

And Their Enemy.

Many people must remember Brusher Mills, but I do not suppose there are many who understood all he had to say to them: it was very difficult to grasp his meaning. He hated gipsies, partly because they laughed at him and partly because they destroyed hedgehogs, and if there was any animal that Brusher Mills respected it was the hedgehog. The respect was founded, of course, upon the little animal's short, sharp way with adders. If I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should be very much inclined to think that Brusher Mills is now pursuing another life in the form of a hedgehog, and that the adders are endeavouring vainly to survive his attack. The only thing against my theory is that the hedgehog is a notorious egg-thief, and it was Brusher Mills's proud boast that he never took anything at all from the land, and that his service to land and landowners was entirely unselfish. It is just about two years ago to-day that I met the old man for the last time. He was coming across a clearing in the forest by Brockenhurst, with two tin cans in one hand, a long stick in another, and two pairs of surgeon's scissors tied to a string over his shoulder. He used these for picking up adders. Our chat was a brief one, for he said that snakes were stirring, and he had been delayed by an appeal from a neighbouring village to come and save the life of a cow that an adder had bitten.



FROM THE KING TO KEW GARDENS: CAMBRIDGE COTTAGE, KEW.

Cambridge Cottage has been presented to Kew Gardens by the King, and will be used as a museum.

Photograph by Bennett.

where men give long hours of the night to billiards or bridge, and are unable to control a fine taste for strong drinks, soda-water is about the only breakfast that they can face without a feeling of nausea. But then the men who waste the night hours in this fashion are seldom to be found in the ranks of those whose sport is associated with a tramp that covers from ten to twenty miles of ground or more.

STUDIED SOMNOLENCE.



LITTLE WILLIE: Wake up, Pa! Here comes the collection-man.

PA: Shut up, you little fool! That's why I'm asleep!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM is about to make his appearance as a poet. His new work on "Ronsard and La Pléiade" contains a dedication in verse, and some translations from the various poets in the original metres. The dedication is spirited and graceful. Mr. Wyndham's subject is the famous sixteenth-century association of poets and scholars who called themselves at first "La Brigade," and afterwards "La Pléiade" in imitation of poets at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The confederacy consisted of Ronsard, Du Bellay, Dorat, and De Baïf, Etienne Jodelle, Pontus de Tyard, and Remy Belleau. To these must be added Olivier de Magny, and later, many others to fill the places of the dead—Jean Passerat, Gilles Durant, and Philippe des Portes. Mr. Wyndham's essay on "The Age and the Men" deals with the subject exhaustively.

Many of us remember with pleasure a book entitled "Tales of Old Japan," by A. B. Mitford. It has still a hold on the public. Mr. Mitford is now Lord Redesdale, and as a member of the Diplomatic Service he has had a long experience of the Far East. He is to publish a book entitled "The Garter Mission to Japan," and the volume will afford many intimate glimpses of the Japanese Court. Of Togo Lord Redesdale says that he is a quiet, silent man, with a rather melancholy face, lighted up, as the spirit moves him, by one of the sweetest smiles. "The expression is gentle and tender; sometimes, unless he be spoken to, he appears lost in thought, almost always with his eyes fixed on the ground and his head turned to the right." General Kuroki is "sunburnt, hard, and trained as fine as an athlete for the Olympian games, the picture of a soldier, is all fun and merriment, laughing from morning till night—a man of the most imperturbable good-humour." The quality which these two great leaders have in common is their rare and invincible modesty.

The Duke of Argyll, whose autobiography and memoirs have just been published, played many parts in his time. He was best known as a controversialist, but he tried poetry, like Mr. Lecky and Robert Lowe. His verses were neither better nor worse than theirs, but one of them found a place in the second volume of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." Palgrave's second volume was much inferior to the first, and has been cruelly described as "a home for cripples." The poem chosen begins, "Sometimes I think that those we've lost." Could anything be more hopeless than that? The Duke, however, had a taste for good poetry, and it should be set down to his honour that he introduced Tennyson's poems to Lord Macaulay. He was also on fairly intimate terms with Tennyson, and visited him at Aldworth. In the biography of Tennyson there are some reminiscences by the Duke of Argyll, not very vivid, but interesting as far as they go.

The extraordinary lack of taste in modern translators of the Bible is illustrated by a literary gossip from a book called "The New Testament in Modern Speech." The beautiful verse, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea," is rendered: "And

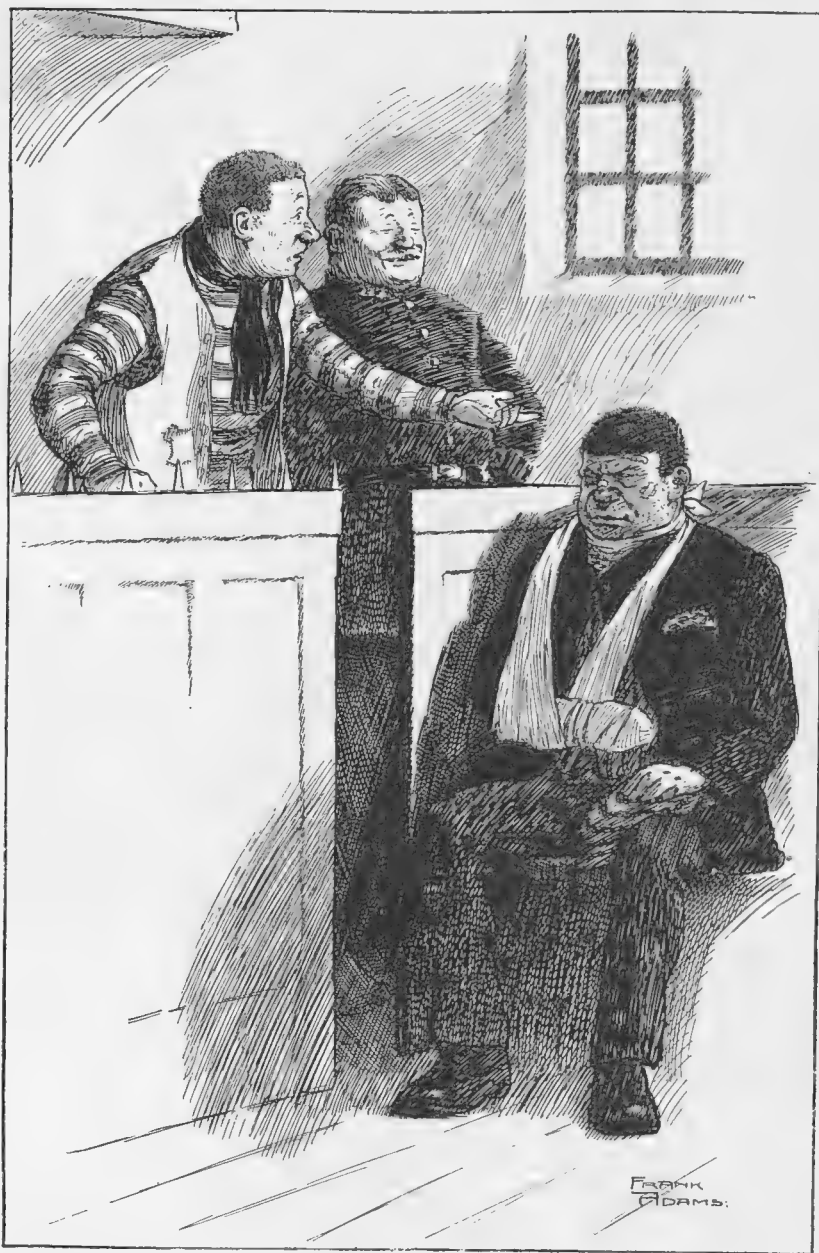
I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were gone; and the sea no longer exists." Again, the verse, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely," runs in modern speech, "To those who are thirsty I will give the privilege of drinking from the well of the water of life without payment." A well-known text is thus parodied: "Learn a lesson from the wild lilies; watch their growth."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has a pleasing paper in the *Cornhill* which he calls "An Incursion into Diplomacy." It tells the history of his appeal for funds to enable him to publish and distribute abroad in the different languages of Europe a simple and direct statement of

the British case in the Boer War, and an answer to those charges of inhumanity against our soldiers which were rife upon the Continent. Sir Arthur obtained the help of Mr. Reginald Smith, who placed at his disposal the whole machinery of his world-wide business without payment of any kind. Subscriptions came in rapidly, mostly in small sums, and one donor gave £500. About 300,000 copies of the pamphlet were sold in Great Britain within a couple of months. Of the French edition 20,000 copies were distributed, and as many of the German. No publisher could be found in Holland, but 5000 were sent out from London. The book was also translated into Welsh, for the vernacular Press of the Principality was almost entirely pro-Boer. In all there were twenty different presentments of the pamphlet, and it produced a rapid and marked change in the tone of the whole Continental Press. When the work was accomplished a considerable sum of money remained; £1000 of it was given to Edinburgh University to be so invested as to give a return of £40 a year for the most distinguished South African student. The last £300 has been devoted to a magnificent cup to be shot for by the various ships of the Channel Squadron, the winner to hold it for a single year. The stand of the cup was from the oak timbers of the *Victory*, and the trophy itself was a splendid one, in solid silver gilt. Sir Conan Doyle may reasonably look back on his "Incursion" with some complacency.

Was Ruskin a great man? His old friend and secretary and biographer, Mr. Colling-

wood, discusses the question in *Temple Bar*. He tells of the Ruskin commemoration at Venice on Sept. 21 last year, when more than 1500 Ruskinians of nearly every country came together in an enthusiastic gathering. There are some acute remarks in Mr. Collingwood's paper. He admits that whenever Ruskin ventured into the domain of technical or historical criticism he found himself in a false position. His analysis goes little further than a certain parade of sermon headings and subdivisions, at which he laughed in later days; as when he described his difficulties in keeping "The Lamps of Architecture" to the sacred number of seven. His early work was modelled chiefly on sermons, which is enough to account for the mannerism. He was great as a word-painter, and full of sensibility. He was in the true sense an egoist. "It is not when self is the subject of thought that one is an egoist, but when self is the object." O. O.



MAGISTRATE (to prisoner, charged with murderously assaulting a sleeping man): Had he ever done you any harm?

PRISONER: No, guvner. 'E 'adn't done me no 'arm; but 'ow was I ter know 'e wouldn't when 'e woke up, I arst yer?

DRAWN BY FRANK ADAMS.

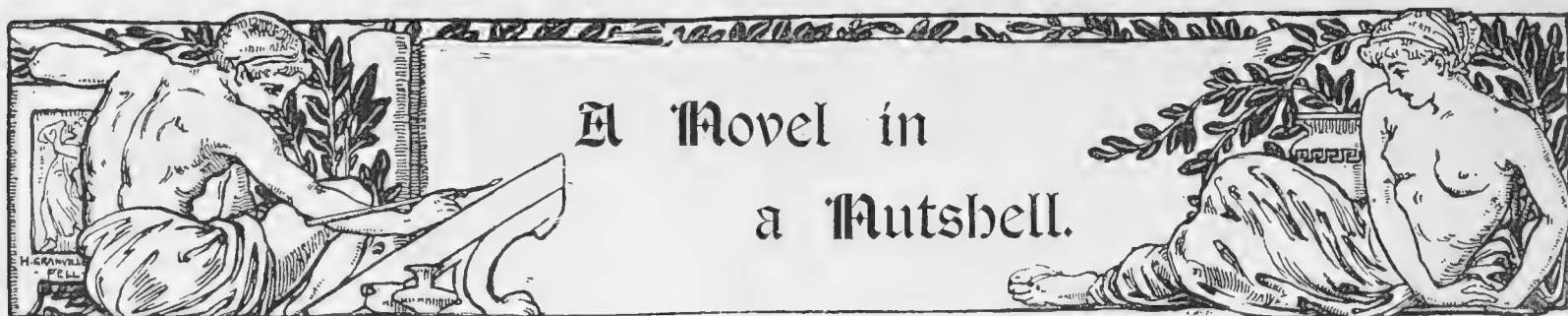
TWO OF A KIND.



FIRST REPROBATE: I've been fearfully ill this morning, old man. Lizards—green ones—and frogs running all over me.

SECOND REPROBATE: Been ill? Why, you're not well yet. They're running all over you now.

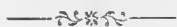
DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

FATHER PETER'S PENANCE.

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.



IN all the convent of San Giacomo there was no brother so portly, none who filled his brown robe with greater completeness than the Reverend Father Peter, keeper of the buttery and master of the refectory. Feast-time and fast-time were alike to him: he fattened on both. In Lent, when his official diet was but a few poor peas and a glass of clear water from the spring, he still put on flesh; and this though it might well have been thought that the mere sight of the game pasties and venison pies which lay under his charge for the delectation of the convent's distinguished guests would have harried him to a shadow for very envy and mortification. Not so; he thrived apace; and at the end of Lent, as at the beginning, he was always three fingers on the ribs.

The good old Abbot, a man of a similar build, would often chuckle as he felt Father Peter's ribs in play. There had been monks who had left the convent, and this fact would furnish him with occasion for his stock jest.

"Eh, my brother," he would say, "heaven send that none of our prodigals return, else it will go hard with thee." And he would laugh unctuously and poke the good father's sides as though he were appraising him by the pound.

But in due time the Abbot died and went to his own place. The new Abbot was a man of different kidney. Spare and thin he was, with the pride of Lucifer in his eye and a cruel humour in his tightly compressed lips. He looked to the convent as the stepping-stone to a Cardinal's hat, and he looked with confidence; for he was of the Borgias, and kin to the Holy Father himself.

Discipline, then, was the order of the day. The good old times vanished beneath his rule. Fasting was strictly enjoined, and the monks were ordered to castigate themselves daily. He who spared himself least won most favour. The cold eye of the Abbot roved with displeasure over the ample proportions of Father Peter. When Lent came he looked for some diminution; but by the miraculous favour of Our Lady of San Giacomo there was none, but rather an increase. Once the Abbot, passing the door of the buttery, saw the worthy father with both hands to his mouth, apparently cramming into it the remains of a pasty. But it appeared that the good father was but commencing his devotions; for he immediately sank upon his knees, his hands over his face, and after one or two strenuous gulps, in which, no doubt, he swallowed his emotions, he proceeded to give forth a lusty chant with a fervour that would have done credit to Brother Giovanni, the leader of the choir himself.

Alas that there should be so little faith in the world! After that episode the Abbot's eye became more and more accusative, and Father Peter felt that it behoved him to do something to restore good feeling. Remembering the Abbot's love of castigations, he pondered deeply, somewhat after this fashion.

"Now as to flagellating myself, that would little avail; for all the others do it. But were I to permit myself to be beaten with stripes in the chapter-house, no doubt I should gain glory, and come into much favour with the Abbot—may he—may the saints reward him according to his deserts!"

It was necessary, however, to have an understanding with the person whom he should select to inflict the castigation. For the purpose he approached the lay brother Antonio, who filled a humble position as porter and keeper of the gate. Brother Antonio was the lumbering son of a peasant, who had been convent-bred in menial offices—the hewing of wood and the drawing of water. He was, poor soul! but half-witted, slow of speech, but strong in the arm.

"Brother Antonio is my man," said Father Peter to himself "I may tell him not to lay it on too heavily, and he will deem nothing

wrong. Were I to choose another, there would be tales carried to the Abbot—may he—may our Lady look down upon him!"

He sought out Brother Antonio and communed with him in the gate.

"You shall deal unto me twenty stripes, good brother," he said, "for a penance that I would do. It shall take place in the chapter-house this evening. But see that you lay not on too heavily. And this shall be a sign unto you. After the first blow watch me. Should it be dealt too lustily I will wag my right foot. But should it not be heavy enough, then will I shake my left foot. And so you will know how to deal the next stroke."

Brother Antonio stared at him lumpishly.

"As you will, good father," he said, "I warrant me you shall have no cause to complain."

Father Peter departed to acquaint the Abbot with his determination. The lay brother looked after him and scratched his head.

"By our lakin, a strange request!" he said. "Let me see. If he shaketh the left foot, I am to know that the blow is too heavy. But if he shaketh the right foot, then shall I know that the blow is not heavy enough. It is well."

That evening it became known that Father Peter was to do penance in the chapter-house, and the monks flocked there. The Abbot sat upon the high dais, and the worthy father came out before him, and, stripping off his robe, stood forth in succulent pinkness like a fat capon or a plump sucking-pig. He winked once at Brother Antonio, who stood lumpishly, holding a strip of raw cowhide. Then he touched his right leg significantly and prostrated himself on all fours upon the steps.

I would then that you could have seen Brother Antonio as he, in his turn, stripped his frock. It would have done your heart good had you but seen the ripple of muscle on his back, the mighty swelling of the deltoids, the knotted hardness of his biceps. It would have charmed your eyes had you seen him rise upon his toes and, making the cowhide crack and sing in the air, bring it full upon the loins of the Reverend Father Peter with a blow that knocked him flat upon the ground, leaving him faint and giddy.

"Misericordia!" he yelled. "Mea culpa!" And, with fearsome activity, he wagged his right foot.

Brother Antonio stared, amazed. He had struck hard. He had used the strength which God had given him, and, behold, it was not enough! He made the cowhide whistle in the air once more, and brought it down with a zeal that made the first blow seem as the caressing touch of a feather.

A yell from the Reverend Father Peter answered him, and the right foot wagged frantically.

Brother Antonio could scarce believe his eyes. It seemed that he was not able to do the work appointed him as his victim wished that it should be done. A sacred exaltation came upon him, and he made up his mind to perform his task satisfactorily or perish in the attempt. Raising his voice to a kind of chant, he struck again and again, increasing in fervour as he proceeded.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" he chanted (Whack!) "Behold (Whack!) He shall break them asunder (Whack!) He shall grind their (Whack!) limbs to powder (Whack!); yea, He shall bray them in a mortar." (Whack!)

Here the chant was interrupted. The infuriated Father Peter had managed to scramble to his feet and had attempted to grapple with his adversary. Bruised as he was, he would have had little chance had not certain of the lay brethren, seeing that Antonio was scarce himself, come to the rescue and secured him.

"A goodly penance, worthy father," said the Abbot, with a sour

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.



PATIENCE REWARDED—A STUDY OF A MALTESE SPORTSMAN.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

smile. "I doubt not that this night you will feel yourself in a most blessed state of grace." He rose and left the chapter-house.

"What has happened? Where am I?" asked Brother Antonio, starting as though from a dream. "Oh, yes—I remember."

"Remember!" yelled the infuriated Father Peter. "Ay, and so do I remember! Thou has given me cause to remember, thou limb of Satan! Did I not tell thee that when I wagged the right foot it was in sign that thou didst strike too hard?"

"Now the saints forgive me; I thought it was the left!" said the abashed lay brother, "and then I fell into a kind of trance. 'Twas but a small mistake after all. Forget it, good father."

"Forget it!" yelled Father Peter, "when I forget either it or thee, may I—may I be accounted unworthy of my charge. I shall not lay me down for a fortnight but I shall remember thee. I shall not seat me in my stall in the chapel but I shall think of thee and offer up prayers for thy future disposition. Forget it! Sooner will I forget——!"

But here the worthy fathers, who were growing a little alarmed at the noise their brother was making, clapped their hands over his mouth and led him away.

Brother Antonio strolled back towards the gate.

"Alas!" he pondered, "and this is gratitude."

For a whole week he meditated upon this thanklessness, and then had reason to be ashamed of his thoughts; for as he was passing the buttry, the Reverend Father Peter hailed him in and greeted him with a roguish wink and a sly punch in the ribs.

"Thou art a good, zealous fellow, brother," he said; "perchance a trifle over-zealous, but it is a good fault, so let it pass. Come! I have had hard thoughts of thee, but now I would make amends. And I will give thee a cup of Rhenish wine that shall make thine eyes glisten and steel thine arm against the time I shall ask thee for further castigation."

He drew the stopper from a flagon all cobwebbed and musty, and poured into a crystal cup a great bumper of the good wine. Brother Antonio, poor porter as he was, had never tasted such nectar. It was a wine for the lips of such as sat at the high dais, and he crossed himself reverently before he put it to his lips. When he set it down the cup was empty and wondrous visions swam before his eyes and danced in his brain.

"That is the right sort," said the worthy Father Peter with a chuckle. "Come! Thou seest I can return good for evil." He brimmed the glass again until the beaded bubbles danced about the brink. Brother Antonio, marvelling at his good fortune, drained it once more.

"I am—hic!—much bound to you, worthy father," he said, slurring his words in his anxiety to utter them. "This is a delicious wine, and for another cup I would even do unto you again the service I did for you before."

"Now the saints forbid!" said the still raw Father Peter, wincing as the lay brother clapped him on the back. "Another glass, good brother?"

Brother Antonio had several more glasses and then collapsed in stertorous dreams. The Reverend Father's face gleamed with cunning and delight. Stooping, he lifted the inanimate form upon his shoulders and staggered with it to the cloisters, where he deposited it upon the flags in such a manner that the Abbot must see it as he returned from matins.

See it the Abbot did.

"Whom have we here?" he asked, pointing with his thin hand, on which a blood-red ruby gleamed balefully in its jewelled setting.

"It is the lay brother Antonio," replied one of the fathers. "He would seem to be in some pious trance."

Brother Antonio snored, and at the sound the Abbot drew back sharply.

"The drunken hog!" he said, his face thin with displeasure. "Away with him and souse him under the pump! We will deal faithfully with him this evening in the chapter-house."

When the news of this decision was brought to the Reverend Father Peter, who so pleased as he? He hastened to the Abbot's room and fell on his knees before him.

"A boon! A boon, Lord Abbot!" he cried. "Grant me one little boon, for the sake of the penance I have performed."

"Verily thou hast well deserved it, good father," said the Abbot graciously. "What is thy wish?"

"Even that I may be permitted to be the humble instrument of thy displeasure, good father!" cried Peter—"that it may be mine to lay the stripes upon this drunken ruffian. Grant it me, I pray you."

"Nay," said the Abbot, with a sour smile. "I would not that one so high in the convent should have so distasteful a duty laid upon him."

"It will be a labour of love!" cried Father Peter excitedly. "A boon! A boon!"

"But, my son," said the Abbot, still with his sour smile, "think you that the Lord hath granted you sufficient strength to deal faithfully in this matter? This lay brother hath a strong arm, as you may have noted. It is like also that he hath a tough hide."

The Reverend Father Peter made no answer in words, but spat piously upon his hands.

"Be it as you wish, then," said the Abbot, and the good father went forth from his presence exceeding jocund and filled with holy delight.

A quarter of an hour before the meeting in the chapter-house he visited his victim in his cell. The lay brother was groaning, holding his head between his hands, filled with acute remorse in the intervals of an almost uncontrollable desire to sleep. Father Peter shook his head in hypocritical pity.

"Alas, my brother," he said, "how art thou overtaken! Verily, it hath been given unto me to deal with thee after the flesh."

"Mea culpa, mea culpa, I have heard it!" cried Brother Antonio, beating his breast. "I do repent me, good father, and am willing to undergo any punishment. Fear not to lay it on. And this shall be a sign unto you. When I wag my right foot, you shall know that you are to lay it on harder; and when——"

"Fear me not," interrupted Father Peter eagerly; "and when you wag your left foot, I shall know that I am to lay it on harder still. Fear me not, I say, fear me not!"

"It is well," said Brother Antonio. "So shall I escape the penalty of my sin hereafter, and my conscience shall be at peace."

Father Peter stared. Whether he was to give peace to the brother's conscience or not he could not tell; but he had fully made up his mind to mark the casket which enshrined it. He felt the muscle of his arm, and rolled up his sleeve as he took his way to the chapter-house.

The Abbot was already there, and they brought in the lay brother. I would that you might have seen him as they stripped him. It would have done your heart good to have rested your eyes upon the tough and horny skin of his back, beneath which the muscles stood out stiffly. It was a hide of enduring thickness, and the keeper of the library had often eyed it with covetous envy, seeing it in his mind's eye, tooled and chased and embossed, binding together the precious missals in his charge. Father Peter eyed it mistrustfully, and prayed for strength to tool and emboss it to some purpose. At a sign the brother prostrated himself upon the steps, and Father Peter put his whole strength into the blow.

The brother wagged his right foot.

Father Peter tried again.

The brother wagged his right foot once more.

Father Peter smote with all his might.

Again the foot wagged, and the panting father rushed infuriated to the attack.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" he cried (Whack!) "Take that, you beast! (Whack!) And He shall break them (Whack!) asunder (Whack!) How's that for a trance? (Whack!) And He shall—take that! (Whack!) and that! (Whack!) and that! (Whack!)—grind them to powder (Whack!) And He shall—Lord, it's hot! (Whack!)—bray them in a mortar" (Whack!)

He paused for breath. A deep, sighing, nasal respiration resounded through the apartment. It came from the lay brother. The Abbot lifted his hand.

"Enough, good father," he said; "you have done enough. It seems that the man hath fainted. See to him and take him to his cell."

He rose and swept out of the chapter-house. Another deep and sighing respiration came from the lay brother. Father Peter stared at him, scarcely able to believe his ears. And yet it *was*—it was a snore! There came another, and the lay brother rolled on his side and woke up.

"Eh!" he said, "'tis a powerful wine! See how it getteth to a man's head and stealeth away his wits." He looked up at Father Peter. "Thy pardon, holy father!" he said. "I do remember now that thou wert about to chastise me. Is not the Abbot here? It is full time to begin."

"To begin!" gasped Father Peter. "It is over!"

"Over!" exclaimed the lay brother, abashed. "Now the saints forgive me, I have been sleeping."

He scrambled to his feet and left the room sheepishly.

Father Peter looked after him. He had still a very little hair left. He tore it.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS BIJOU FERNANDEZ, whose portrait we give on this page, is the newly made wife of "the prince of villains" on the English stage, Mr. W. L. Abingdon. Her portrait, which is in character, represents her in the part she has been playing in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," at the Lyric Theatre, New York. In this she has made one of the most signal successes New York has applauded for a long time. She was among the most celebrated of child-actresses, and in that capacity she was a member of the late Mr. Augustin Daly's company. Her first success was made in almost her earliest part—the Page to Falstaff. Subsequently her parents practically had the first refusal for her of every part for which a child was wanted in New York. When she grew up into womanhood the experience she had gained, coupled with a strongly developed dramatic instinct, quickly placed her among the leading ladies of America, where she holds a high place in the esteem of the playgoing public. Her wedding, at the end of last month, was a great theatrical event, and was attended by nearly a thousand guests. Some of the most popular actresses were matrons of honour, while the ushers at the church included some equally popular actors, like Mr. De Wolff Hopper, Mr. Wilton Lackaye, Mr. Ernest Lawford, and Mr. Robert Loraine.

In spite of the popularity of Mr. Cyril Maude and the loud preliminary acclaim of "Shore Acres," it will be withdrawn after Friday evening, when the arrangement outlined in *The Sketch* some months ago between Mr. Maude and the Messrs. Shubert comes to an end. The theatre will, according to present arrangements, remain closed until the autumn. While there is no doubt that Mr. Maude will eventually be seen at the rebuilt Avenue, it is impossible that the Playhouse, as it will then be called, can be got ready for his occupation before February of next year. Meanwhile, he has entered into arrangements by which in September he will join forces with Mr. Charles Frohman, who thus allies himself with another English actor.

The failure of "The Lion and the Mouse," which resulted in its withdrawal on Saturday, was the more remarkable seeing the unanimous chorus of praise with which it was hailed when it was produced.

Its place has been taken at the Duke of York's by what has been hailed as "a dramatic festival," though no such term was applied to

that he acted in "The Land of Nod" at the Royalty, but the play failed to attract.

With Madame Yvette Guilbert he has already appeared in two of the series of four recitals arranged for him, the other two being fixed for this afternoon and Friday afternoon. Those who have not seen two of the greatest exponents of the art of speaking in song on the French and English stages have therefore an excellent opportunity still left them to do so.

Mr. Chevalier's reappearance is interesting as furnishing another example of the way in which theatrical affairs change. When his wish to return to the regular stage was first chronicled it was rumoured that he might go to the Princess's and appear in a strong character-part in a play which Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Arthur Shirley were writing for that house. The Princess's, however, shows no sign of reopening its doors at present.

The last production of the Incorporated Stage Society this season will be made at the Scala on Sunday, and the programme will be repeated at the usual Monday matinée. The proceedings will begin with "The Invention of Dr. Metzler," a play in one act by Mr. John Pollock, in which Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Berta van Raalte, Mr. Eugene Mayeur, Mr. Trevor Lowe, and Mr. Frank H. Denton will appear. It will be followed by "The Inspector-General," which is described as a play in three acts, based on a translation of Gogol's "Revisor," by Mr. A. A. Sykes. In this the parts will be played by Messrs. Herbert Grimwood, Trevor Lowe, Henry Kitts, Frank H. Denton, Arthur Bell, C. R. Gibbon, Burton Cooke, Norman Page, Fred Grove, J. H. Brewer, Eugene Mayeur, Michael Sherbrooke, Percy Crawford, W. Hubert; and Misses Kate Phillips, Isabel Roland, Berta Van Raalte, Stella St. Audrie, and Jean Cadell.

To-morrow evening Mr. George Edwardes will reopen Daly's Theatre with a revival of "The Geisha," in which Miss May de Sousa will follow Miss Marie Tempest as O Mimosa San, Miss Mariette Sully will take up the part of Juliette Diamante, in succession to the late Miss Juliette Nesville, and Miss Marie Studholme will be the delightful Molly Seymour, instead of Miss Letty Lind. The chief male parts will be played by Mr. Robert Evett, who succeeds Mr. Hayden Coffin; Mr. George Graves, who follows Mr. Rutland Barrington as the Marquis Imari; Mr. Louis Bradfield as Dick Cunningham, and Mr. Fred Wright junior, who has the reversion of Mr. Huntley Wright's old part of Wun-hi.

After Saturday evening Mr. Lewis Waller has decided to take "Brigadier Gerard" out of the evening bill, and to substitute "Othello," in consequence of the great favour with which it has been received at the matinées. This decision has brought about a reversal in the intention mentioned in *The Sketch* last week, for now "Brigadier Gerard" will be played at the matinées on Wednesday, while "Othello" will be acted at night. This arrangement is necessary, for Mr. Waller would otherwise find the strain of "Othello" twice in a day impossible.

The last of the celebrations in connection with Miss Ellen Terry's Jubilee will take place on Sunday evening. This is the Gala Jubilee Dinner at the Hotel Cecil, the tickets for which are two guineas each.



MRS. W. L. ABINGDON.

Mrs. Abingdon, who was formerly known as Miss Bijou Fernandez, was married to the well-known actor whose name she now bears on May 29. The ceremony took place in New York.

Photograph by the Hallen Studios.

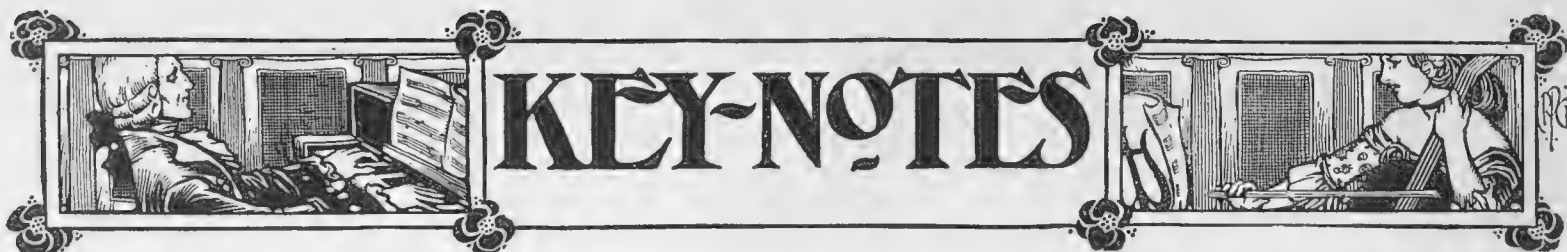


"THE MISSING LINK" AS A MUSIC-HALL TURN
"LINK," WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Scharmann.

the original performance, in which, practically speaking, the same leading actors and actresses were engaged for the principal parts.

In connection with "The Marriage of Kitty" it is interesting to note Mr. Chevalier's return to the regular stage in the title-rôle of Mr. Barrie's "Pantaloons." Reference to the possibility of his reappearance was made some months ago. It has been asserted that this is Mr. Chevalier's first appearance since he deserted the legitimate stage for his coster songs. This, however, is scarcely correct, seeing



THIS has probably been one of the busiest musical seasons that we have had on record for many years in London. The directors of the Opera each year seem to take more interest in the production of new works, and in the introduction of new artists. This is a most laudable ambition, although, of course, at times the particular environment of Covent Garden does not altogether suit singers who are transported to England from another country. Nevertheless, much has been done, particularly in the scenical way, to enhance the reputation of our London Opera, and to place it, as far as is possible, on a level with the great opera-houses of the Continent, with which Covent Garden, by reason of its prestige and of its excellent engagement of artists, naturally challenges comparison.

The opening interpretation of "Tristan" has already been mentioned in these columns; but even the successive interpretations of the same work have proved how anxious is the management of Covent Garden to set before the public Wagner's right ideal and his dramatic feeling. The most recent interpretation of the work was given with Herr Burgstaller in the part of Tristan and Fräulein von Mildenburg in that of Isolde. Fräulein von Mildenburg has not before been heard in London in this particular part, but she has made a great impression upon the musicians of Vienna, than whom, save in London itself—and we say so quite deliberately—there can scarcely be found a more sincere body of artistic critics. To analyse the voice and the accomplishment of this soprano would require a long essay, for she has many qualities which make for enormous success, and other qualities which incline to depreciate her talents. Of course, the test of any Isolde comes in the third act, in the singing of "Die Liebestod"; and here the singer proved herself to be a thoroughly good artist. Burgstaller's Tristan, though not even, may be described as being very good, on the whole. He must conquer his inclination to go flat in his singing during such time as he is giving way to the intense emotion of the passion in Tristan. It need scarcely be said that Van Rooy, as Kurwenal, made of the part an extremely pathetic and fine interpretation, while the lesser characters were filled with much distinction. The conducting of the orchestra was in the hands of Richter, who, by the sheer power of will, as it seemed to me, combined with his wonderful knowledge and an equally wonderful temperament, brought out every point of this wonderful score not only in separate details, but also with a perfect sense of unity.

It is now some years since Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" was given at Covent Garden, although, of course, many of us who have travelled to the provinces during the Moody-Manners seasons, and beyond and above all this, to Germany, where the work is revered at its right level, have deplored that England has held so aloof from that period in Wagner's career when he was steadily working on the lines which led finally to "Die Götterdämmerung," and to

"Parsifal." As a matter of historical detail it may be mentioned that the work was composed in Paris for production at the Opera; it was refused both at Leipsic and Munich; and, indeed, it was not actually presented from any stage until 1842, when Dresden, through its most artistic management, determined that it was worthy of its theatre. Thirty years the work had to wait before it was seen in London, and then, of course, in its English form; and it is most curious to remember that all of us who have been concerned with opera at Covent Garden now for ten or fifteen years can remember its first production in German at that theatre in 1897; that is to say, the date coincides with the fifteenth year after Wagner's death. There were, at the time of its first production in London, certain ardent enthusiasts who clamoured for the work to be produced without a break. Luckily, this clamour was set upon one side, although the present writer can remember many heart-burnings which happened at Bayreuth some few years ago on the part of those who, arriving somewhat late, expected to enter the opera-house during the recognised interval and were compelled to remain outside until the conclusion of the whole opera. This, however, is a matter of detail, and the work is now recognised on all sides as a splendid specimen of sincere emotional expression, and the libretto, of course, contains the elements of that most touching idea of redemption which occupied Wagner's thoughts through so many years of his life. As to the performance itself, Herr Knupfer sang extremely well in the part of Daland, while Herr Van Rooy acted magnificently in the part of the Dutchman, and rather made us feel that he was attempting to reproduce some of the later Wagnerian ideals in this beginning (for practically it was the beginning) of Wagner's big career. Mr. Burgstaller, as Erik, was not in very good form, but that which impressed one most was the conducting of Richter, who literally threw himself back more than half a century in order to realise the exact significance of Wagner at that time.

Mr. Harold Bauer a few days ago gave his only pianoforte recital of the present season at the Bech-

stein Hall. He played with wonderful mastery and with great distinction. Schumann's "Carnaval" and Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111), with other works by eminent composers, filled up the tale of his programme. Parts of the "Carnaval" he played with extraordinary distinction; with a lightness, a deftness, and a sweetness that made one understand how fine is his temperament and how fine is his intimate feeling for the most delicate things of music. The Beethoven Sonata played by him was not only an exquisite performance, but he also showed with what ease he could overcome the extreme difficulty of this work, which requires not the merely sensuous emotion of an ordinary temperament to give it point, but also the brains to understand the exact meaning of Beethoven throughout many difficult passages. Mr. Bauer succeeded in putting these points of view before his audience to a remarkable degree.

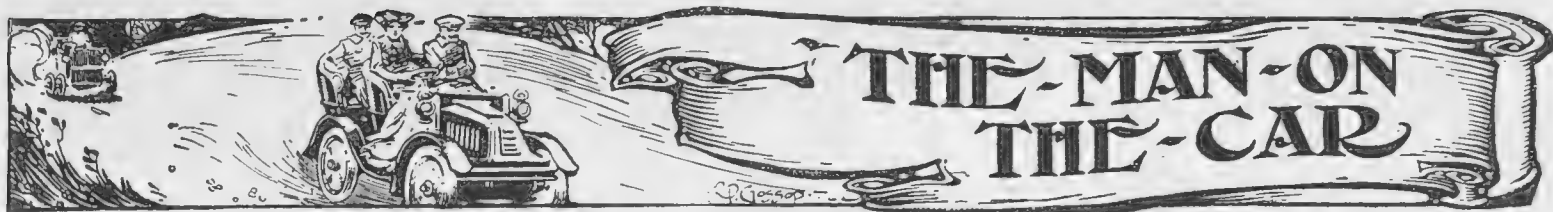
COMMON CHORD.



A NEW RECRUIT TO THE OPERATIC STAGE: FRÄULEIN VON MILDENBURG, WHO MADE A MOST SUCCESSFUL APPEARANCE AS ISOLDE IN "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE," AT COVENT GARDEN LAST WEEK.

Fräulein von Mildenburg is a new recruit to the London stage, but is well known on the Continent.

Photograph by Adèle.



MOTOR FLOTATIONS A PERIL—CARS ENGAGED IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS—THE ROUTES THROUGH THE LOWLANDS AND HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND—EVIDENCE OF SPEED RECORDS IN THE COURTS—SUMMER MOTOR CLOTHING: THE PERIL OF COOL EVENINGS—THE COMMISSION'S REPORT: SPEED-LIMIT RETAINED, INCREASED TAXATION.

OF the floating of motor-manufacturing and motor-omnibus companies there would appear to be no end, but I cannot believe that the precious promoters whose only care is the immediate lining of their own pockets are finding that the British fish are rising at all smartly to their bait. The stench of the cycle boom is not yet out of the public nostrils; and, after all, this present epidemic of flotation is symptomatically akin to that all too feverish and disastrous period. All along the line the motor industry is passing through phases identical with those of the cycle trade, except that the volume of capital and the risks to be incurred are infinitely greater. The industry, properly conducted, is so remunerative at present that the very fact of being asked to subscribe large sums of money for concerns that have only been in existence a short time, or have yet to come into existence, should put the public on their guard.



SEEN THROUGH THE TOY-MAKER'S EYES:
A MOTORIST-DOLL.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

run. Sixty-one of these are wholly or partially of British manufacture, the remainder including cars by leading foreign makers, such as Darracq, Germain, Minerva, Gladiator, Chenard and Walcker, Spyker, Richard-Brasier, Martini, and others. The classification is entirely one of price, Class 1 being a chassis price not exceeding £200; Class 2, chassis price not exceeding £350; Class 3, chassis price not exceeding £500; Class 4, chassis price not exceeding £650; and Class 5, for chassis price exceeding £650. This classification provides for cars to suit all tastes and pockets, so that the man of moderate means will find the results of Classes 1 and 2 likely to interest him.

The four daily runs, set as they are through some of the hilliest districts in which roads are to be found in bonnie Scotland, will prove a severe test for the best amongst the entries. The first day (to-day) will see the cars leave Glasgow and travel by Dumfries, Moffat, Birkhill, and Peebles, to Edinburgh—174 3-8 miles. To-morrow the route lies through Stirling, Perth, Blairgowrie, the Spittal of Glenshee and Braemar to Aberdeen, continuing north and west on Friday next through Huntly to Keith, where a southward trend is made through Tomintoul, Grantown, and Kingussie to Pitlochry. The last day's run will see the cars on the road passing Killin, Inverary, and Arrochar, back to Glasgow. Those who know their Caledonia will realise that the above itineraries will take all those who participate in the 1906 trials through some of the most picturesque of Scottish scenery.

Clearly it will pay the car-owner to mount a reliable speed-recorder and drive by it carefully in all police-infested districts. Magistrates here and there have lately given credence to speed-indicator evidence over and above the generally ludicrous testimony deduced from the erroneous readings of cheap and unreliable Swiss stop-watches in the inexperienced hands of country policemen. But care should be taken to install a really

reliable instrument, one on which the movement of the index-finger is gradual, steady, and, of course, correct to the speed at which the car travels. A few days since, I carefully checked the indications of a speed-indicator by Smith's, of the Strand, and was amazed to note how closely it agreed with the milestone timing. The indicator-needle on this speedometer is not affected by engine or car vibration.

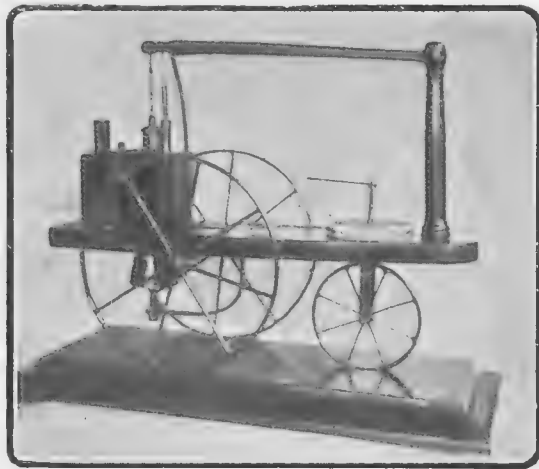
The brilliant weather of the past few days tempts the motorist, particularly when of the weaker sex, to lay aside much of the heavy, impervious motor clothing worn on the car during the earlier part of the year. And, indeed, round and about the middle of the day this can be done without much risk; but as the sun sinks low the temperature in this country often falls very rapidly, and return journeys in the evening require extra clothing. But one is loth to don winter garments at such a time. What is really wanted is an over-all coat which is light and thin, but is actually wind-proof. The possession of the last-named quality is all the battle, and no people understand this better than the directing spirits of Aquascutum, Limited, who make the very garment for the purpose for both sexes. Rain and wind-proof, light and comfortable, they are wonderfully



A TEMPORARY SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MOTOR-CAR: CROSSING THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES ON A "SPEEDER."

Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw, of Vancouver, crossed the Rocky Mountains on a "speeder" (which is a kind of tricycle) over the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the accompanying illustration they are shown coming down the steep grade from the summit at an altitude of 5000 feet. It is comparatively easy to work a "speeder" on level ground, but on the up-grade it entails a severe physical strain.

satisfactory wear on a motor-car.



THE FIRST ENGLISH "MOTOR-CAR"—MADE IN 1784.

Strictly speaking, we should call the contrivance here depicted an early locomotive, but as it was first run on the road and not on rails "motor-car" is perhaps excusable. It is a model—14 inches high, 19 inches long, and 7 inches wide.

Photograph by Sturdee.

quent pressure had caused them to change their minds. Increased taxation is, it is said, proposed, and there is little or no condemnation of the unsportsmanlike police traps or the notorious prejudice and spleen of magisterial benches.

It is very generally believed that when the report of the Royal Commission upon Motor Traffic is presented it will be found innocent of any suggestion to abolish or even increase the speed-limit. It is suggested that upon the close of the inquiry the Commissioners had resolved to do away with the absurdity that leads to so much police perjury, but that subse-

THE WORLD OF SPORT

ASCOT PROSPECTS—LINGFIELD.

AS all the available tickets for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot have been allotted, it can be taken for granted that, with fine weather, the attendance at the Royal Meeting will be a record one. The fact is that racing has once more caught on after the slump caused by the South African War, and when the King goes there are sure to be bigger crowds than we have seen for the last half-dozen years. The railway companies are making preparations for a biggest on record, and it may not be generally known that the South Western borrow rolling stock from all the other railways in London, bar the Great Western, for the Ascot fixtures. They are splendidly appointed trains, trains to time, their non-stop expresses being a great boon to busy City men who have to look at their letters before departing for the course. On the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday before the meeting horses, carriages, and goods are conveyed from Waterloo and Nine Elms to Ascot, and altogether the meeting means a big addition to the revenue of this company. Many people will be surprised to hear that the South Eastern and Chatham Railway have control of Ascot Station on the Cup day. Why this should be I never could quite make out. Mr. Holmes, the Chief Traffic Superintendent of the South Western Railway, is a real live administrator, and he believes in the value of the racecourse traffic, as he should do, seeing that his company have the lion's share of it in the South. They tap Sandown, Hurst Park, Kempton, Salisbury, Epsom, Ascot, Windsor, and even Goodwood, to say nothing of Hawthorn Hill, Aldershot, Plymouth, and Exeter. The Great Western Company, whose famous Newbury specials are the talk of the sporting world, cater for Ascot by way of Windsor, thence to the course by omnibus. This is a delightful route for the lover of scenery. The South Eastern cater for this meeting via Redhill.

His Majesty the King has entered Coxcomb for the Royal Hunt Cup, and as the horse has been leading Gorgos and Nulli Secundus in their work, he ought to run well, as we know that Grey Tick won the Cesarewitch after acting as schoolmaster for Sceptre, while Spearmint had been doing his gallops with Pretty Polly prior to winning the Derby. The late Sir James Miller bought Chaleureux to lead Newhaven II. in his work, and the first-named won the Cesarewitch in 1898. I think Coxcomb is a very useful horse, but he has been unlucky. He used to belong to Mr. Bonner, the brewer, who always expected something to pop up and beat Coxcomb when he ran, and this invariably happened. Mr. Bonner has a stud in Essex; he notes the growth in height of his foals and yearlings by marking on the bricks of his greenhouse. But to Ascot. The horses most talked of in the clubs for the Royal Hunt Cup are Earla Mor, trained by Gilpin; Standen, who ran so well for the Liverpool Cup and is trained

in Mr. George Thursby's stable; Amitie, owned by Lord Rosebery and trained by P. Peck; Dumbarton Castle, who is once more being trained by J. Powney at Netheravon; and Thrush, trained by Robson. I have heard, too, that a *coup* is contemplated with Chaucer, owned by Lord Derby and trained by the Hon. G. Lambton at Newmarket. The Wokingham Stakes will, as usual, be influenced by the running in the Royal Hunt Cup. Lord Coventry's Catapult is only entered for this race, and may go very close. The horse won easily at Salisbury. Syphon, who belongs to Baron Edouard de Rothschild, is very likely to go close. The Gold Cup looks a mere exercise canter for Pretty Polly, who is said to be better than ever she was. There is no question of her staying the distance, and, allowed to go at her own pace, she is very likely to make a time record.

One of the prettiest meetings held in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis is that at Lingfield. It is an easy run down from either Victoria or London Bridge, but I think members should not be asked to pay the admission fee on top of the railway charge each day. Instead of issuing first-class tickets at seven-and-sixpence to include admission to the course, why not issue them at five shillings, not to include admission? The club enclosure at Lingfield is well appointed, and the course is beautifully kept by Mr. R. R. Fowler, who should know something about tilling the soil, as his late father was one of the best-known agriculturists in England. He was also an active politician, for he had the honour of proposing Disraeli as a member for one of the Bucks constituencies. The biggest proprietor of the Lingfield course is Mr. J. B. Leigh, who used to have some useful horses in the late James Jewett's stable. He won the Royal Hunt Cup with Stealaway. Occasionally now he has a horse under the care of G. Chaloner at Newmarket. Mr. Leigh's sister married the late Lord Alington, and she was much interested in the win of Throstle in the St. Leger.

His Majesty the King has honoured the Lingfield Meeting with his presence, and a very tasteful royal box was erected for his use. At Lingfield, as at Lewes, it is necessary to remove the judge's box when special races are run on the flat. It is supposed to be an easy course, but upsets are very prevalent, especially in the selling plates when the form does not soar very high. An entrance fee is now charged to members joining the club, which proves that the list is a heavy one, and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that interesting sport is provided the year round, and the jumping races invariably yield well at this meeting.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



A LIVING STATUE OF THE GODDESS OF SPORT: LA MILO AS DIANA, AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

PAINT—or perhaps, to avoid being misunderstood, I should say painting—is in revived and vigorous favour this season: as applied to clothes, of course—not house-fronts or faces, let it be clearly known. Paintings, most dainty of posies, foliage, and fruit, appear on scarves, parasols, evening and garden-party frocks, while even summery hats bear crowns of painted roses amidst the froth and foam of lace and chiffon brims. A delightfully decorative fashion this, but one which used to require more coin than the average pocket is possessed of. Now, however, so many “poor ladies” work for the better shops that prohibitive prices for hand-painted garments no longer prevail, and quite beautiful scarves are obtainable at 25s., and parasols at 35s., which a few years back would have commanded double those figures. Naturally, where one sold then twelve are bought now, so that everyone is benefited—the purchaser, painter, and retailer, who, one is glad to know, does not sweat his poor lady worker as he was formerly wont to do. Madame Audrey, of Sloane Street—who is, by the way, daughter of a celebrated politician and personality—introduced the painted hat-crowns; and Lola, of Dover Street, is showing five-guinea muslin gowns which are the wonder and admiration of an ever-increasing *clientèle*.

Talking of gowns and garments generally, the Ritz, where everyone is crowding now, is *the* place to the *monde* and what it is pleased to wear in this summer of grace but of tardy sunshine. A beautiful Empire gown of dull pink moire, made *en princesse* with big pleats, was a fascinating picture at dinner there some evenings since. It sat at the next table to ours, and was softened with clouds of blonde lace and little Empire wreaths of moss-rosebuds. At the same table, in harmonious contrast, a grey gown, all chiffon and

Louis Seize suites the bath-rooms claimed my admiration most, and led one to ask why the bath-room is always the Cinderella of the modern household, when the ancients made it the chief? As if in answer to these profound reflections, next morning's post brought me a charming booklet from the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, of Pittsburg, U.S.A., entitled “Modern Bath-Rooms,” which



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL LACE GOWN FOR ASCOT.



[Copyright.]

A SMART RACE-COAT AT AOUASCUTUM, LTD., 100, REGENT STREET, W.

steel sequins, presented itself with admirable effect. If people could only arrange the colours of their guests' clothes when giving restaurant-parties, what really pictorial effects could be produced! After dinner, curiosity led us to explore some of the rooms of which we had heard, but amidst all the stately severity of

responds exhaustively, satisfactorily, and economically to all one's wishes on this long-disregarded subject. This book has gone into four editions in America. The wonder is that one has not met it over here before. But our Transatlantic cousins, as all the world knoweth, are much more luxurious in their domestic and interior environment than are we of this good old slow-going island. However, anyone who sends to 22, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., for a copy (posted free) of “Modern Bath-Rooms” will no longer doubt that our awakening is at hand. We cannot all have a suite at the Ritz, but every one of us can own a bath-room after his heart if we are so inclined, as a perusal of the booklet in question will prove. Dozens of exquisitely designed bath-rooms are illustrated, and each one is accompanied by a detailed estimate of the cost of bath, decoration of interior, etc., so that one feels impelled to telephone straightway and order oneself a superlatively luxurious surrounding at an absurdly approachable price. The evolution of the bath-room has certainly begun.

From water to soap is not a long way nowadays, so the subject may be introduced as a sequence to the above in reminding my readers of the well-tried and long-proved virtues of “Wright's Coal Tar Soap,” odorous, disinfecting, and emollient, the triple virtues so peculiarly its own—and which may further be tried by anyone sending two penny stamps to the makers at 48, Southwark Street, S.E., who will thereupon forward three sample tablets of the soap, with the object of extending a knowledge of its valuable properties.

An amusing book for children, called “The Boy and the Bubble,” has just been issued by the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, which can be obtained from most chemists for the asking. The book

contains pictures for colouring, and young artists will derive much pleasure by its experiments, while money prizes of from five shillings to two guineas are given for the best-coloured pictures. The competition remains open until Dec. 31; so young folk should apply for one of the books at their nearest chemist, and compete forthwith.

A marked change has come over our taste in jewellery during the past five or six years. Quantity has given way to quality in design, and the close crowding of stones to light, delicate traceries as valuable on account of their artistic setting as for the gems used in their composition. How much of this extraordinary improvement in taste is due to the culture of the Parisian Diamond Company's designers will never be known. The fact remains that by employing artists instead of mechanics this company has raised the level of public taste to an extraordinary degree, and retailers of real gems have perforce followed the highly artistic lead given them by the producers of those celebrated pearls and jewels now known to fame all over this planet as the Parisian Diamond Company. The revival of coloured stones and exquisite enamels in jewellery is also largely due to the company. Recognising the becomingness of earrings, which through graceless workmanship had long fallen into disuse, the company also set a fashion which is now adopted by the "best people"; so that altogether a debt is due to the cultivated efforts of this firm, which has taken the craft of a Botticelli out of the barbarous hands of the early Victorian and Georgian taste, to restore its ancient glories by the means of educated craftsmanship. Anyone looking at the examples of modern jewellery in the various shops of the Parisian Diamond Company cannot fail to realise that the lapidary's work is there seen at its worthiest and best.

The gentle art of beauty is a cult that will never want for devotees, and, as exploited by the Cyclax Company at 58, South Molton Street, certainly deserves well of its votaries. The several preparations of the company are the result neither of experiments nor discoveries, but are known and proved remedies compassing all they profess to attain and more. Thus, the Cyclax Skin Food is veritably a feeder of the tissues, and produces a complexion of velvety softness. The Cyclax Eyelash Tonic not alone professes but succeeds in stimulating the growth of these desirable items of one's altogether. The Cyclax Nose Ointment cures all undue rosiness of that organ, whether from east wind or indigestion. The Cyclax Braccine accomplishes a bracing up of muscles, as its name would imply, and the Cyclax Special Lotion is a powerful agent in the cure of rough, red, or irritable skin. Tuesdays and Thursday afternoons are reserved for free consultations by appointment, and many will doubtless apply for advice when the value of Cyclax treatment is understood and appreciated as it deserves to be.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

INGÉNUË.—Your answer was left over until this week. Never send a card in; give your name distinctly to the servant, and leave cards as usual for your husband or father, as the case may be. Your visit explains itself to a newcomer in the county, and will be taken as a matter of course if you are in the same set or grade of Society.

SYBIL.

Bridgewater House, St. James's, will be the scene on Friday (the 15th) of a vocal recital given by Miss Pattie Hornsby, the talented mezzo-soprano. Miss Hornsby will be assisted by Miss Italia Conti (reciter), Mr. Ivor James (violinist), and Mr. Henry Castleman (baritone). Tickets, which are a guinea and half-a-guinea each, can be obtained from Lady Leila Egerton, Bridgewater House, St. James's, S.W.; Mrs. Winn, 67, Cadogan Place, S.W.; Miss Talbot, Bishop's House, Kennington, S.E.; Mrs. Bainbridge, 69, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.; and Miss Pattie Hornsby, 15, Granard Road, Balham, S.W.

The Swiss Federal Railways have just published a charmingly illustrated guide to the Simplon route, which can be had free at their London agency, 13, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

When the Ardath Tobacco Company introduced their now well-known "State Express" cigarette, it was acknowledged that they had excelled anything in their particular line which had ever before been placed before the smoking world. Following up their unique success with the "State Express" cigarettes, they have now introduced a smoking mixture to be known as the "State Express" smoking mixture, which, in like manner, will become famous amongst the *élite* of the smoking world for its incomparable qualities. The "State Express" smoking mixture is packed in silver-gilt boxes, and to the smoker who can afford a mixture at the price of three shillings per quarter of a pound there is nothing which can possibly compare with it.

That excellent and deserving institution, the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, stands urgently in need of funds. It lately became necessary to ensure the stability of the building by extensive architectural alterations, and for that purpose a further sum of at least £25,000 will be required. The works are now stopped, but it is confidently hoped that the generosity of the public will soon set them going again. The Annual Festival will be held on June 18 under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, and the Board trust that there will be an unprecedentedly large rally of subscribers to this good cause. The cures and improvements effected at Earlswood are little short of marvellous.

Regarding Nicholson's Dry Gin, the *Lancet* says: "The chief merit of this spirit consists in its remarkable purity; it is practically free from acidity and extractives, the latter amounting to only .04 per cent. The flavour of the spirit is characteristically dry, certainly as regards sugar, but it has that sweetness peculiar to gin of the finest description." Free samples are supplied to medical men.

THE "LIVING PICTURES" AT THE ELLEN TERRY BENEFIT.

THE lights of Drury Lane assuredly "shone o'er fair women" yesterday afternoon in a way that would have gladdened the beauty-loving eyes of Byron could he have been there to see and compare the scene with the pageant he set in glowing words in the poem he wrote describing the night of the ball before Waterloo. Happily, there was no discordant note to mar the merry progress of the programme in celebration of the golden wedding to her art of England's favourite actress.

That such a bevy of fair women should have gathered together in honour of Miss Terry is the compliment which beauty always pays to beauty, for in the golden days of the Lyceum and before, our greatest actress was acclaimed by many artists the most beautiful woman on the stage, though, like the Venus of Milo, her features could be criticised individually. It was the ensemble which, radiating the ineffable charm of Miss Terry, won for her that distinction to which the younger members of her profession have to pay their tribute, not to forget such artists as Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. A. Lys Baldry, Mr. Percy Macquoid, Mr. James Pryde, and Sir James Linton, who were responsible for the grouping, while the backgrounds were contributed by some of the best scene-painters in London, Messrs. Bruce Smith, J. Harker, W. Johnstone, W. Hann, McCleary, men whose genius is, unhappily, comparatively little regarded, because its exhibition is ephemeral, limited to the life of the play with which it is concerned.

For the interpretation of his well-known picture, "The Rival Beauties," Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema selected Miss Constance Collier and Miss Edna May, who, as representative actresses of England and America, might not inaptly be regarded as rival beauties in more senses than one.

The great picture of the Ladies Waldegrave, arranged by Mr. Luke Fildes, has for the exact century and a quarter which it has existed been one of the most famous pieces of portraiture in the world, and, if not deliberately plagiarised or copied, it has served as a source of inspiration to many artists when they have been commissioned to produce portrait-groups. The three beauties were impersonated by Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Julia Opp (who has been absent for some time from the London stage), and Miss Grace Lane.

Mr. Luke Fildes's other tableau had a particular interest in that it reintroduced Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Anne Boleyn, a character which she acted when Miss Terry played Queen Katharine in the memorable revival of "Henry VIII." at the Lyceum. With her were Miss Daisy Thimm, Miss Lilius Waldegrave, and Miss Kate Phillips.

Miss Ellaline Terriss has so often proved herself an ideal Cinderella in both the fairy story and in the story brought up to date that it was inevitable she should have been selected to reproduce the famous Millais picture (published, by the way, as a coloured supplement to an *Illustrated London News* Christmas Number), with which the public is nearly, if not quite, as familiar as it is with "Bubbles."

The Watteau picture which Mr. Solomon J. Solomon arranged is not known by any special title, and Miss Sarah Brooke, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Rita Jolivet, Miss Ellis Jeffries, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh posed.

Nine ladies—Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Beatrice Ferrar, Miss Mabel Beardsley, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Mrs. Sam Sothorn, Miss Margaret Bussé, Miss Pauline Chase, and Miss Geraldine Wilson appeared in Mr. James Pryde's "Beginners for the First Act a Hundred Years Ago."

Mr. Percy Macquoid had a striking group for his "Joan of Arc," with Miss Lilian Braithwaite in the title-part, surrounded by Misses Beatrice Beckley, Iris Hawkins, Dorothy Minto, Beatrice Irvin, May Palfrey, Beryl Faber, Nora Lancaster, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Mary Mackenzie, Hazel Thompson, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh.

In the scene from Rossetti's poem, "The Blessed Damozel," in which no fewer than nine popular actresses appeared, Mr. Byam Shaw reverted to a very interesting incident in his career, for it was a picture on this very subject which first attracted attention to his work in the Royal Academy. In that picture Mrs. Byam Shaw acted as one of the models. Miss Dagmar Wiehe, Miss Dorothea Baird, Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Miss Mabel Hackney, Miss Margaret Halstan, Miss Muriel Beaumont, Miss Sybil Carlisle, and Miss Julia Neilson were the living impersonators.

That Mr. Lys Baldry should select a picture by Albert Moore for reproduction is not difficult to understand when it is remembered that he was for four years a pupil of the artist, whose comparatively early death at the age of fifty-two cut short a reputation which may be said to be still increasing. "Reading Aloud" has always been one of his most popular pictures, and the figures were represented by Miss Lily Brayton, Miss Nancy Price, and Miss Eva Moore.

Three pictures were arranged by Sir James Linton. The first represented Cleopatra, in which Mrs. Langtry reappeared as "the Serpent of Old Nile," a part she has often acted, and she was attended by Miss Dora Barton and Miss May Rockman. The second showed Mary Queen of Scots and the four Maries. Mrs. Brown Potter was appropriately chosen for the hapless Queen, and her attendants were Miss Dorothy Grimston, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Edyth Olive, and Miss E. Wynne Mathison. The third tableau introduced Miss Mary Moore as "Queen Victoria as a Girl in Kensington Palace," supported by Miss Margaret Illington, Miss Kate Rorke, and Miss Mary Rorke. No one who saw the beautiful living pictures could fail to realise that they achieved their object.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 26.

ABOVE all else, the Stock Exchange wants—buyers. There are plenty of sellers: far too many for the general comfort of markets, but buyers absent themselves in a manner which is fatal to prices holding up. The tale is the same from one end of the House to the other, from the Consol Market to the West Australian. In the latter section there comes, it is true, an occasional spurt of activity, and professional dealings in Horseshoe and Associated give Westralians some appearance of vitality. The public will probably prefer a steady-going mine like the Kalgurli to any of the companies whose shares are puppets in the hands of various groups of gamblers. That the West Australian market should still be regarded, and justifiably, with suspicion, is all the more a pity, because of the handsome yields to be obtained from many of its shares; but confidence has received too many shocks for it to return easily to this department. And we should certainly hesitate before recommending the purchase of any but the best sort of shares, amongst which Kalgurli, Ivanhoe, and one or two others must be reckoned.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

Lethargy has come to be the prevailing characteristic of the Home Railway market, and the dealers admit that the feature of "No Business" is now so common as to be scarcely a feature at all. We trust we shall not be accused of that undue optimism which beams ceaselessly from the financial pages of a well-known Sunday paper if we confess that the limpness of the Home Railway market holds out no terrors to our mind; it speaks rather of good trade in the country and profitable trade channels for using money. While manufacturers are busy, as the trade returns and the railway receipts go to show that they are, the Stock Exchange must not mind waiting for its share of the country's prosperity. Why invest money in Railway stocks paying four per cent. if the capital will bring in much higher rates through employment in one's own business? As we say, the Stock Exchange must wait. Its turn will come sooner or later, and when it does come the benefit of the country's present prosperity will undoubtedly be felt. Should the leading lines pay increased dividends for the current half-year, the attention of the public may be attracted to the stocks; but we think that a fairly substantial advance in the percentages must be made if people are to buy the Ordinary stocks with any degree of freedom. A rise of an eighth per cent. in the dividend on a Heavy stock, for instance, carries no weight in the mind of the investor. More capital issues are in the air, and the market somewhat suspects that the Companies which can declare higher dividends will take advantage of the distributions to make further appeals for money.

PROMISING NITRATE COMPANIES.

When first referring to Nitrate concerns in these columns I picked out the *Liverpool*, the *Salár del Carmen*, the *Lagunas Syndicate*, and *Colorado Companies* as constituting probably the "pick of the basket." Some of these Companies' shares have now, however, risen to a very high figure, and I have been asked to mention others less heavily priced, and with more possibility of a big advance in capital value. Accordingly, I am sending you to-day a few details about two Companies, whose shares are only at a moderate premium at present, and seem likely to have a prosperous career before them. The first of these, to which I have already briefly referred, is the *Pacific Nitrate Company*, whose grounds are situated in the Province of Antofagasta, Chili, in close proximity to the Antofagasta Railway system. This Company has a strong and workmanlike board, who have great experience in Nitrate matters. The capital is £175,000 in £1 shares, and there is the same amount of 6 per cent. Debenture stock. The shares are quoted at present at about 26s. The Prospectus indicated profits of £62,500 a year, but from a private source which I rely on I learn that it is confidently expected that the Company will earn £80,000 from August next, when operations begin, to the end of the following March. If I am right in thinking that profits at this rate can be maintained from the start, very satisfactory dividends should be available for the shareholders.

The other Company to which I would direct your attention is the *San Patricio*. This is a smaller concern, with a capital of £100,000 in £1 shares, and £50,000 of 5 per cent. Mortgage Debentures. It has a year's start of the Pacific Company, and for its first year has paid dividends of 15 per cent. The current quotation is 1½, so that the return is over 10 per cent. In a recently published pamphlet on Nitrate matters the Company's life is estimated at twenty-six years. Let me, however, quote a few lines from the chairman's speech at the annual meeting in March: "Following what we consider the most prudent course, we have sold the whole of our produce for the current year at most excellent prices. The Nitrate industry is progressing remarkably well, and the use of Nitrate is going up in the States by leaps and bounds. I would like to add this—that with the excellence of the Maquina, and the large reserve of caliche we have in the grounds, you may confidently look forward to a long run of very satisfactory balance-sheets." I think your readers will find an investment in either of these Companies remunerative, and I may add that my judgment is fortified from learning that two of the large Trust Companies have recently purchased shares in these Companies, after, no doubt, cautious and competent scrutiny.

June 9, 1906.

Q.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Yes, please: French. I don't much care for the Turkish. Too sticky for me."

The waiter poured out the coffee, and another waiter ran the cigar and liqueur wagon to the side of the two friends.

"They take life very differently here from what they do in the City," observed Our Stroller, obviously appreciating an excellent Havana. "Unfortunately, I have to go down to the Stock Exchange this afternoon—"

The other looked up keenly. "Sorry to hear that," he replied.

"Oh, bless your soul, it's not what you're thinking of at all. I'm not hard up—not harder up than usual, I mean to say."

"That's good. Got a gamble on hand, if I may be so inquisitive as to ask?"

"To be candid, I am a bear of Bankets," said Our Stroller, as calmly as though he felt no trace of the thrill which the first operation on the bear tack invariably imparts.

"Good," repeated his friend. "Going to take your profit?"

"That's what I want to see my broker about this afternoon. Do you ever go into the City?"

The other laughed. "Every now and then," he said. "Will you share a hansom when we have finished our coffee?"

"Delighted. There you are—just as we are about to leave, the band stops making that confounded row."

Having paid the bill, tipped four waiters and a couple of boys, the two found themselves free to follow their own devices, and hailed a cab going Citywards.

"I have a fancy for hanging about Throgmorton Street," said Our Stroller, without a blush of shame. "One can study life in so many different aspects."

"Perhaps Autolycus pursued a similar study."

Our Stroller glanced at the face beside him. It was expressionless as clay.

"Here we are," said he, as they drove down Bartholomew Lane. "That's the Bank of England," and he pointed to the London and Westminster.

"Indeed!" rejoined his companion. "I never knew that before. Quite interesting. Mind how you fall out of the cab."

They found Throgmorton Street fairly full, although four o'clock had not yet struck. By the way, Throgmorton Street is one of the few well-known thoroughfares in the City which boasts no clock.

Moving into Shorter's Court, Our Stroller narrowly escaped being upset by a boy who yelled "Uggins!" and disappeared like a flash. While his friend

was laughing, he also came near extinction, through the frenzied charge of another youngster shouting "'Aes!" who dived, apparently, into the Stock Exchange.

"We seem to be *de trop*," the friend laughed. "What on earth's that?"

He turned to a red-faced clerk who had tumbled out of some other corner, screaming "Ordinary offered at the fifteen!" and likewise disappeared.

"Let's get over here; it's safer," said Our Stroller, backing across to Mrs. Hart's stall. "We'd better pretend to be looking at the apples or the pictures."

But his friend was vastly entertained with watching the cable boys, the telegraph boys, telephone boys, unauthorised clerks, and all the little multitude that seethes in Shorter's Court on any afternoon.

"Who are these coming out now?"

Out from two doors on opposite sides of the Court flowed two streams of Stock Exchange men. Some were not smoking; that was because they had to fill pipes. Everybody else smoked cigars or cigarettes.

"The House closes at four," explained Our Stroller, "and the Committee fine members who don't turn out promptly."

His friend elevated his eyebrows, but again contented himself with saying "Indeed!"

"By Jove! I'm glad to be out of that poky hole," cried a jobber, producing his pipe. "Place isn't big enough to hold us all in comfort—during the summer, anyway."

"Too many of us," growled a companion.

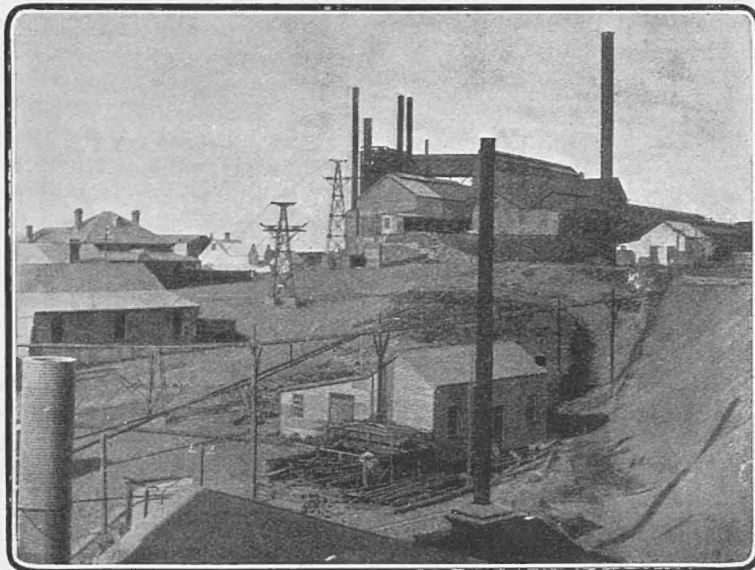
"You know old So-and-So? They tell me he's paid six thousand pounds this year, helping fellows who can't scrape up enough money for their House subscriptions."

"So did What's-his-Name last year. Magnificent generosity, isn't it?"

"Magnificent. Wish he'd pay *mine*," and the pair separated laughingly.

"That was a good tip about Missouri, old man," said a dealer, touching a broker on the shoulder.

"It was, by George! Have a cigar on the strength of it. Where did you get the tip?"



THE KALGURLI GOLD-MINE: GENERAL VIEW.

The other tapped his head solemnly.

"Oh, I say, now, look here. I saw it in one of the weekly papers myself. Did you put it there?"

Few men can resist the temptation to say they originated a successful tip. The present case proved no exception to the rule.

"If anybody but yourself had told me that you wrote for the papers, I—"

But his friend laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Did I go *quile* so far as to say that? Now, *did* I?"

Our Stroller missed this little byplay; he was deeply interested in the various opinions that surged round him with regard to Yankees.

"The general impression seems to be that they are all going better," he confided to his companion, as they edged their way down the crowded Court.

"How about your Bankets?"

"That's what I want to see about now. Who are these men, I wonder?"

"Bostons will go to twelve, don't I keep on telling you?" and the speaker stamped his foot. Too hard. The air grew blue.

"Finished?" inquired a sympathetic bystander. "Because when you have, you might explain your views on Bostons."

But the other only scowled and walked slowly away, with a limp which was manifestly manufactured for the occasion.

"Bostons will go better when the weaker bulls are cleared out. Of course, the shares have had a sharp rise, and reaction is all we can expect. In the long run, however, you'll see them better."

Our Stroller was thirsting to get round to the Kaffir Market.

His broker stood on the pavement and hailed him welcomingly. "Brought you a new client," said the latter, as he introduced his friend. "What about my bear of Bankets?"

"I want you to take your profit," said the broker. "The price may go lower—probably will in the long run, but a fearfully 'cute crowd is working the market, and— Yes; take your profit."

"It is quite what I thought of doing. Will you buy back my three hundred?"

The broker did so.

The proposal to liquidate some of the profit was carried unanimously.

Saturday, June 9, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

LIST.—To repeat an answer which we gave last week to a precisely similar question: "It was not very long ago that they suspended payment, but subsequently

reorganised. The less you have to do with any of these advertising brokers and their systems, the better for your pocket." All the Kaffirs are respectable, but we are inclined to anticipate a dull market for some months to come.

LUTWICHE.—We have no faith whatever in the coal concern, and if you can sell at a shilling it will pay you to do so, escaping further liability.

COPPER.—Strattons are worth keeping, but there is domestic trouble brewing in the other concern, and that is always a bad thing for any company, for a time. The property is a doubtful one.

B. W.—Market opinion, for once in a way, does not favour joining the reconstruction. We understand that the assets are mortgaged, and that they are certainly not worth more than the amount of the proposed liability. It has been a most disappointing venture.

G. T.—We regard Niger shares as an excellent speculation at their present price. It should not be long before the whole Debenture issue is redeemed, and there is already a talk of possible increase in the dividend.

REGULAR READER.—Randfonteins might be held, having reached their present low level. The Langlaagte Block B Company has an estimated life of about five-and-twenty years, holds a large number of Langlaagte Building shares, and, under the terms of lease to the Langlaagte Estate Company, it should do fairly well when labour conditions admit of low-grade propositions being worked at a profit.

I. N. K.—(1) Canadian Pacifics are a fair purchase, but as to whether you will get a good profit in three months, you might just as well ask us what wind will be blowing at the end of October. The Company is spending very freely upon extensions and improvements, which may tend to keep the dividend to its current 6 per cent. for some time to come. We look for ultimately higher prices.

CORITANI.—We have not the least idea what dividend, if any, will be declared on the Ordinary shares. It depends entirely upon the directors; the Preference dividend is pretty sure to be paid.

T. H.—Your letter was answered on the 9th inst.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Lingfield meeting should be a success. I think some of the following should win—Grange Handicap, Catapult; Eden Welter Coatbridge; Ford Manor Plate, Rifleite; Oxted Handicap, Theodore; Imperial Plate, Black Arrow. For the Lewes Meeting I fancy the following—Ashcombe Handicap, Captain Pott; Open Welter, Clear Artist; Club Open Welter, Spate; Abergavenny Stakes, Tapisc; Lewes Spring Handicap, Borghese; Priory Handicap, Luke Delmage. At the one-day meeting at Hurst Park on Saturday the following may go close: June Welter, Snatch; Foal Plate, Futurity; Duchess of York Plate, Troutbeck. The opening day of Ascot will give us some capital sport. I can only suggest here that Slieve Gallion ought to win the Coventry Stakes, and Torpoint reads dangerous for the Ascot Stakes. Bachelor's Button has a chance in the Gold Vase. For the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Admiral Crichton or Gorgos are my choices; and Polymelus may take the Fifty-Second Triennial.

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